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THE PIONEER PATRIOT;

OR,

THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TORY'S PLANS.

When Isabel had leaped away from the foul wretch who had taken her in his lap, she had only recognized him; but as she reached the opposite tent, and there turned and gazed back, she saw other men sitting around, and she saw them smiling, too.

"By Saint George!" cried Guy Bradbrook, "but you did this well, Moses. You shall be paid handsomely."

"I knew I could do it," returned the ruffian, with a low chuckle.

Isabel turned her gaze upon him as he spoke, and she recognized the man who had come to the fort on the previous morning, as a deserter from the British camp. He still wore the gown, which hung about his limbs damp and flappy, and seemed to be awaiting further orders.

"Did they trust ye right off?" asked Guy.

"No, sir. They asked me all sorts of questions, and then put two men to watch me all day. They thought I didn't know it, but I did. I knew them two keen chaps weren't a followin' me everywhere I looked for nothing. I just pulled the wool down over their eyes, and filled their throats with soft grease, till I made 'em believe all I wanted, and they swallowed it just as easy as could be."

"Good on your head, Moses. And now you may go and jump into dry clothes as soon as you please, and then you may turn in, if you like."

After this Guy Bradbrook turned towards the trembling girl. He was a young man, not over three-and-twenty, and possessed a look which could have belonged to no great soul or noble heart. In frame he was short and stout, being quite corpulent for one of his years. In fact, he looked stouter than he really was, for a large proportion of the mass was useless flesh, or bloat. His hair and beard were black, his forehead low and receding; the top of the head narrow and small; the eyes of a sharp, brownish black; while the features of the face were angular, notwithstanding the amount of flesh thereon. His complexion was very dark, partly from exposure, and partly from the natural hue of the skin. There was a wicked smile upon his coarse face, and an exultant look beamed from his dark eyes.

At a motion from the young Tory, all left the tent save himself and his father.

And Guy Bradbrook's father is worth a moment's notice. His Christian name, as the reader may remember, was Nathan. He was taller than his son, but not so fleshy. His hair, which had once been of a sandy hue, was all grizzled now, and stood out sparse and crisp over his head. His brow was heavy, hanging far over the small, yellowish gray eye that sparkled beneath. The most prominent feature was his nose, which was large in every way. It was long from the bridge down; it was large from the lip to the tip, and it was wide from side to side. It had a brilliant hue, said to be the result of a humor in the blood; but then this humor in the blood he did not so readily account for; though one thing is certain: could brandy, and wine, and gin, and old Jamaica rum have cured the disorder, it would have been cured long before. But it did not seem to operate in that way. The old Tory's constantly—we might say, continuously—recurring libations, did not seem to lessen the brilliant glow of the nasal humor at all. Nathan Bradbrook could appear very pleasant and affable, and he could win upon the esteem of strangers; but he could be just the opposite of all this when it suited his purpose. And yet few of his friends knew his real character, for he had a peculiar faculty of governing his outward expressions to correspond with the traits he wished those about him to suppose him possessed of.

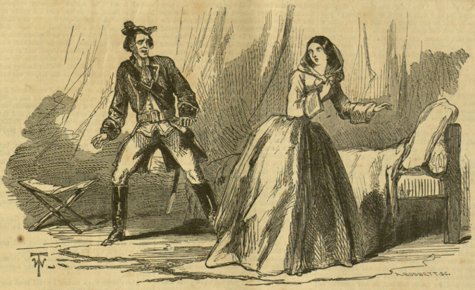
After all had withdrawn save Guy and his father and the maiden, the young man turned to the latter, and said—

"Bel, me beauty, haint I done it now? Did you think you could escape me?"

"I have not sought to escape thee, Guy, nor in any way to offend thee," replied Isabel, in a half sad and half reproachful tone. She thought of the confidence her father had reposed in these men, of the great friendship they had professed, and then she thought of the letters Philip Lancey had shown her not many hours before. She had seen the letters, as, upon reflection, Philip had determined that she should know the characters of the father and son, and had obtained them from the colonel for that purpose. (And after this Gansevoort bade Philip keep the missives in his own possession, as the time might come when he could use them to advantage.)

"You haven't, eh?" returned the young Tory, contemptuously. "You didn't run away with Philip Lancey, did you?"

"No, sir—I did not!" the beautiful girl said, her form more erect, and her face flushed with indignation. She thought it bad enough thus to be dragged, by brutal, hireling hands, away from her friends; but to be thus received—to be taunted by one who had so foul a character—was too much. It started the fire of resentment to life within her, and even Guy Bradbrook might have quailed before her, had he not deemed his power over her absolute.



ISABEL CARLTON AND HER TORY PERSECUTOR.

"I did not!" she repeated, as her interlocutor gazed into her face.

"Didn't run away with Philip Lancey? What good'll it do ye to lie about it? What d'ye mean? Didn't ye run away from Lancey's house with him? and didn't he carry ye to the fort?"

"No, sir," still answered the maiden, proudly and firmly, being upheld by the consciousness of her own rectitude. "When the poor people from the western settlements came fleeing by, and informed us that the enemy were coming with fire and sword, burning down houses, and scalping defenceless women and children——"

"Stop! Don't repeat such infernal Rebel lies!" interrupted Guy. "You know that not a woman has been scalped."

"Ah, Guy Bradbrook—but I am pained to dispute thee. With my own eyes have I seen the reeking scalp, with its long, dark tresses bloody and dank, as it came from the belt of one of your Indian warriors. It was the scalp of poor Margaret McGalway. But enough of that. When I knew such an enemy was coming, I fled with my guardian to a place of safety. I went with him who alone, of all the men on earth, has the legal right to command my obedience."

"Aha, pretty one, you mean that as a gentle hint that you won't obey me, eh?"

"I spoke with no double meaning, sir. I simply answered your base insinuation. I followed Walter Lancey—he was my companion—and he alone held a place near me during our flight, saving, of course, old Phillis."

"But why did you flee?"

"Do you ask such a question in sober earnestness?"

"Yes—to be sure I do," retorted Guy, in not quite so prompt a tone as that used before. "Why should *you* fear *our* forces?"

"You cannot expect me to answer that question, sir. It is already answered. The many scores of ruined homes and bleaching bones—bones from which the beasts and birds of prey have torn the semblance of humanity—must give you an answer. Should I have remained there all alone, and waited thus for the coming of the savages? O, you but befool yourself by such questions!"

"Well—I declare—you are keen, Bel, me beauty. But say, wouldn't *Philip* have remained with you?"

This was spoken in a wicked, sarcastic manner, and was evidently meant as a punishment for the maiden's last reply—partly for that, at least, though perhaps not wholly; for the belief that Isabel loved the handsome, brave young Rebel, rankled in his soul like a thorn-bush. The maiden gazed into his face a moment, and then, in a calm, meaning tone, she answered—

"Had I asked Philip Lancey to protect me, I am sure he would have done it. I mistake him very much, if he would not risk his own life at any time, for the safety of a powerless female who had the right to look to him for protection."

"And what right have *you* to look to him thus?"

"The right of a sister, in which light he has always regarded me."

"Humph!—I s'pose so. Yes—O, yes—I think it very likely. You are his *dear* sister, Isabel! He calls you '*dear* sister,' doesn't he?"

"I can tell you one thing about him: He never descends to the unmanly, heartless work of insulting a defenceless female!"

"No—I s'pose not," said Guy, coloring. "He is a paragon. But let him go for the present. Mr. Philip Lancey and I may have a short talk, face to face, one of these days. We'll have a quiet little *tete-a-tete*, as Mr. Frenchman calls it. But I've got ye now, Bel, me beauty, and I mean to keep ye. Only one more question about that escape of yours: Which way did you go?"

"We went to the fort."

"I am aware of that; but what way did you take—how did you reach it?"

"That is more than I can tell you, sir. We followed our guide, and he led us safely through."

"But you went by no beaten path."

"We were in a beaten path over two hours."

"But how did you gain the fort? or at what time did you reach it?"

"It was late when he got there, sir—ten o'clock, I should think."

"Then you worked your way through the thick wood without any path?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now I understand it. But I tell ye, Bel, you had a narrow chance that night. Perhaps you heard the Indians in the wood?"

"Yes, sir," returned the maiden, with a shudder, as she remembered the fearful events of that dark night.

"Plague take 'em!" pursued the young Tory, half to himself, "they served me a trick worse than missing the Rebels. They stole my dog. You remember that noble hound?"

"Yes," said Isabel.

"Well—let them take him to—to—a—. They wanted him, and they stole him, or else killed him. At all events, I havn't seen him since. Curses on 'em! Why, I wouldn't, at this moment, if that dog was safe and sound before me, give his life to save every Indian in the country. But he's gone!"

A silence of some moments followed this, and finally the old man spoke—

"I suppose Isabel would like to retire. Would you not, my dear?"

"I would ask a question first," she returned.

"Certainly, my dear child," responded Nathan, in a smooth, hypocritical tone. "Ask as many as you please."

"I would ask what you mean to do with me?" the maiden said, speaking to the old man.

"Let me ask you a question, dear Isabel," the old renegade returned. "What would you have done at the fort?"

"Remained in the care of my legal guardian, sir."

"And for how long a time, do you think, my child?"

"As long as he remained there, sir."

"Which, permit me to inform you, my dear Isabel, will be but a very short time. The fort will be taken as soon as our preparations are completed, and, had you remained there till that time, your position might have been very unpleasant. We sent for you in order that we might have charge of one whose every interest is so identified with our own. When your good father died, and left you in the care of Walter Lancey, he little dreamed that the man in whom he reposed such confidence would prove a traitor to his king. But you are safe now, my dear."

"You had no right to drag me away from my guardian thus," the fair girl murmured, in a sad tone.

"We had the most sacred right, dear Isabel. You are ours to care for in all time to come, while we live on earth. We knew that you were kept from us."

"No, no! I but obeyed my father in remaining with Mr. Lancey. They did not keep me. It was of my own accord that I remained."

"Never mind. You'll remain with us now; and ere long my good son shall have the holiest right of earth to protect you. You must remember that circumstances like the present often render it necessary to change the most important measures. This war has put a new phase upon our relations. Of course, we cannot allow you to remain longer with one who is an open enemy to his king; and in order for us to have the perfect right to protect you, and also that the tongue of scandal may not harm thee, it will be necessary that you at once become what your father so fondly and earnestly prayed that you should be. You, of course, understand me, my dear."

Isabel did understand, and she turned pale as death. With a fearful shudder, she cast her eyes upon Guy Bradbrook, and until that moment she had not fully realized the utter degradation of his character. Must she be bound for life to such a thing! She thought of Philip Lancey—young, brave, handsome, generous, and noble; and the contrast was startling. Deep down in her heart there lay a powerful love—she had known it for a long time, and she had sought to stifle it and forget; but as well might she have striven to forget the father who had gone home before her. She knew that she loved her guardian's son; and the love had grown to life without fault of hers. Then she remembered the dying words of her fondly-loved parent, and she could not disobey him. But his express wish had been that she should not become a wife until she was nineteen. Some months would elapse ere that time. She could at least demand so much respite. It was a slight ground of hope, but still hope was afforded. What might not happen during three and a half months, especially in such troublous times?

"Mr. Bradbrook," she said, addressing the old man, and speaking in as calm a tone as she could command, "I will not profess to misunderstand you, though I trust you will follow out the plan as arranged by my father."

"Certainly, my dear," the grizzly sinner returned, with a dark smile upon his face. "Certainly, we shall—have everything done as he wished it—just as he and I planned it a hundred times. He often told me that if circumstances should transpire which might render a simple change of time necessary, that it could be done very easily. He left that entirely at my option."

"How, sir?" gasped the terrified girl, who began to see through the old villain's plan. "Gave you liberty to change the time! What time?"

"The time for marrying, my darling."

"No, no, sir! he never did that! With his own lips he told me that, under no circumstances, should I be married until the day on which I was nineteen years of age."

"Never mind, my dear," said Nathan Bradbrook, with that same wicked smile, but with a show of ugliness beneath it. "We won't argue the question. I remember very well what the arrangement was between your father and myself; and I shall not ask what he said to a little girl only twelve years of age. You needn't say any more. You see the position of things about us, and your own good judgment must show you that there is but one course to pursue. As for allowing you to remain longer with a band of outlaws and common robbers, we cannot do it. And as for having your own fair fame suffer by being in camp without a husband, we cannot allow that either. But you are tired and worn out now. You may retire, and on the morrow we will have everything arranged.

"*Dido!*"

As the old man thus spoke, a sort of arras was moved aside at the extremity of the tent, and a negro woman made her appearance.

"Conduct this lady to a place of rest, Dido, and see that she has all she needs to make her comfortable."

Then turning to Isabel, he added—

"My darling, you may go with good Dido; and may God and all good angels bless you!"

The poor girl hesitated but a moment. She had much to say, but it could be of no use to say it then; so she turned and followed the black woman from the place.

"*I think she'll come to it!*" So spoke Guy Bradbrook. And the father answered—

"*If she don't, we'll bring her to it!*"

Isabel heard the remark and the reply. A quick, cold shudder run through her frame, and her hands were clasped over her heart.

She was conducted to a narrow apartment, where a cot was suspended from two upright posts, and into this Dido informed her that she could get as as she wished. The maiden cast a searching glance into the ebon features before her to see if she could find any sympathy there; but it was a hard, cold face, and love seemed to be a stranger there.

Isabel lay down, and humbly prayed to God for help. The rain had ceased to fall, and she could hear the hum of voices in the main apartment of the tent. She listened attentively, and could understand that orders were being given for the apprehension of any strangers who might be found around the camp. She knew what this meant. She heard the deep tones of an Indian mingling in the conversation, and she could understand that a more strict watch was to be kept.

Isabel finally sank into an uneasy, troubled sleep, and the last word of prayer that rested upon her lips were for one whom, before God, and in her own soul, she freely acknowledged that she frankly loved. Never before had she realized how deep and strong that love had grown.

CHAPTER VIII.

VARIOUS OPINIONS.

All was cofusion for a while within the fort, when it was known that a prisoner had been made and safely carried off. The shrieks of a female could be plainly heard through the storm, and it was evident that one of the women of the garrison had been carried off.

Philip Lancey was soon dressed and out of doors, and he reached the western parapet just in season to hear the last faint cries of the victim that was being dragged away. In an instant the thought of Isabel flashed through his mind. With a wildly beating heart, he rushed to the apartment where the maiden had slept, and was met at the door by Mrs. Robinson and old Phillis.

"Oho! mas'r Philip!" the negress gasped, wringing her hands as though she would twist them off. "Dear Miss Isabel am gone off!"

"She has gone, sir!" added Mrs. Robinson. "I awoke not long since, and found her up and dressed, and a strange woman waiting for her. This woman told her that Colonel Gansevoort and you wished to see her somewhere, and Isabel went out with her."

Philip would have rushed out at once, but Gansevoort, who came up just then, soon convinced him of the folly of the measure.

"If it was Isabel, she is within the enemy's lines ere this; and it is beyond our power to rescue her. But where is master Moses Van Swart?"

"Aye—where is he?" repeated Philip.

They soon found where the fellow had lain down, but he was not there then. Moses Van Swart was gone. Search was made, but no Moses of the name of Van Swart could be found.

"I had better done as my first impulse said," remarked Gansevoort, when he knew that the pretended deserter had gone off. "I could not like the fellow's looks; nor could I reconcile his answers with the fact of his being an honest man. But it was my own fault. I ought not to have allowed the watch to be removed. Yet he was a bold fellow. He must have found an opportunity to study our fortifications well, or he would not have dared to make such a leap in the dark as he must have made if he went over where the sentries say he did."

There was no more sleep for Philip Lancey that night. He paced to and fro across the parade ground, regardless of the driving storm, and forgetful of all save the terrible blow which had thus come upon him.

"She loved me!" he uttered to himself, as he paced through the falling rain. "She had loved me a long time. Who shall say how matters may stand on her nineteenth birth-day? She might then be freed from every imposed obligation. Oh! she shall not be the wife of such a monster! She must not, cannot be. Oh! *Isabel!* Isabel! if I knew thou loved'st me as I have dared to hope thou did'st—if I thought 'twould afford thee joy to be restored to my father's side—I'd cast my life into the scale this very moment. But——"

The unhappy youth was interrupted by his father, who had been searching for him.

"Philip, my son,—why are you here, in the storm, and thus alone?"

"Can you ask me, father?" the youth returned, in a sad, dejected tone.

"I have asked thee, Philip; and I would ask thee again. That thou should'st be grieved I wonder not, but that thou should'st have such grief is my wonderment. Why here alone? Why seek solitude at such a time? Philip, my son, hast thou looked upon the maiden with hopes of winning more than a sister's love from her?"

The youth started, and gazed into his father's face. The struggling beams from the signal-lantern fell aslant his finely carved features, and they were pale as death.

"Father," he said, in a low, hushed tone, but with much power, "do you know anything of the immutable laws of nature? Do you wonder that the ivy twines itself about the oak when God has placed them side by side? Do you wonder that the drooping flower revives beneath the falling of the genial rain? Do you wonder that the sun gives light? or that the stars shine in their heavenly places when the king of day smiles upon them from behind the curtain of night? Do you wonder at this?"

"No, my son," replied the old man, forgetting the rain as he gazed into the face of his boy.

"Then can you wonder that I have loved Isabel Carlton?—Stop.—Hear me out——"

"Not here, Philip. It is not safe for me."

"Ah—excuse me, father. I forgot your infirmity. Let me lead you."

Thus speaking, Philip took his parent by the arm, and led him to the place they were permitted to occupy.

"Now, my father," resumed our hero, "I will speak plainly, and tell you the whole truth in a very few words. You ask me if I have loved the gentle maiden who has been under your care. I tell you I have. I have loved her with my whole soul—with my whole power of affection. But to her I never spoke of love. I know not that she is aware of my passion. I could not help it. Oh! I knew it not, even, until the chain that had bound me aroused me by its own clanking. When danger first came, and the thought that I might lose her presented itself—then—then I knew that I loved her. And—I am sure she loves me in return."

"Ah! beware, Philip. Isabel Carlton love my son? You speak only a wild, boyish hope."

"No, father, I speak what I——"

"Beware, Philip!"

——"am sure of. I have seen that—I have heard it, and felt it—which gives me the assurance. In a moment of strange excitement—when death was upon all hands—she opened to me her heart. She did not mean it—she may not have known what she did or said, but it was enough for me. Oh! she does love me—I know it."

"Alas—I hope not!"

"What! Does't offend thee, father?" cried the youth, eagerly.

"Nay, my child, it doth not offend me; but it gives me pain. When I received the girl into my care I gave a solemn promise to her father, that when she had reached a given age, I would yield her up to him whom he had chosen to be her partner for life. The taunt has been more than once thrown upon me that I would learn Isabel to love one of my own sons. I spurned the base insinuation, and declared that my sons would uphold their father's honor."

"And so they have—and so they will!" answered Philip, energetically. He caught his father's hand as he added: "Never one word of love have I spoken to the maiden; nor have I ever hinted at the subject in her presence. Guy Bradbrook cannot say that you have failed in your trust, nor that a child of yours has knowingly kindled the flame of love in the bosom of his affianced. But we have hearts and rights as well as they. You and I have duties to perform, and we are to answer to a higher tribunal than that composed of Nathan Bradbrook and his son. You were to keep Isabel till she was nineteen. It lacks three and-a-half months of that time yet. And oh! say father, what may not happen within that period? If Isabel were with you, as she should be, what might not transpire amid this turmoil and——"

"Hush, Philip! You are treading on dangerous ground. Why will you strive to fan into a brighter flame a fire which already burns upon a profaned ground? If you would not make your poor old father miserable, you will forget this passion, and strive to banish the object of it from your mind."

Philip paced to and fro across the floor several times ere he made reply to this. He revolved the subject of his love for the beautiful girl over in his mind, and he could not make it appear that he had done any moral wrong. He stopped and asked his father a question:

"Tell me, father,—and speak frankly. Had Robert Carlton known the true character of Guy Bradbrook—or, had he known the true character of Guy's father—would he ever have given his consent to the union of his only and fondly loved child with such a youth? Ask yourself the question, and answer it as you think it should be answered."

"My son, with what *might have been* we have nothing to do. We only know what *is*."

"No, no,—you are wrong, father. You know—you know it as well as you know what is—that Nathan Bradbrook obtained that grant from Robert Carlton by the most base and wicked deception. Do you not know this?"

"I think you are right, my son."

"Then whom should you fear to offend more than the spirit of the parent who has passed away? If Robert Carlton can look down, and see the dangers which surround his child, would he not bless you for saving her from the dark fate that threatens her?"

"And when the world sees me bestow the hand of my ward upon my own son, what would be the charge against me? Ah, Philip, you are sadly bewildered by the passion which has seized you. Alas! I pity poor Isabel—I shall weep many a tear in thought of her sufferings! But what can I do? I am sorry she is gone, and yet I am glad. I am sorry because I loved her so fondly, and I am glad because I would not see her more miserable still."

"How could she be more miserable?" asked Philip.

"Can you not guess?" returned the old man, eyeing his son sharply.

"Most surely not."

"Then let me tell thee. Suppose, in a moment of thoughtless passion, when a strange love had shut out for a time the duty which she owed to a dying father, she should step into a union which would cling to her through life, and bind her to falsehood and disobedience. The first wild emotions being over, she would be left to meditate upon the step she had taken——"

"Stop, stop, my father," interrupted Philip vehemently. "You are wild in your suppositions. Should Guy Bradbrook——"

"Go on, my son."

"I will,—you shall hear it plainly. Should Guy Bradbrook live on the day that saw Isabel nineteen years of age, I would yield her up to him if she were willing to go. Until that time I would not think of leading her into the union of which you speak."

The old man arose from his seat and placed his trembling hand upon the youth's arm.

"Philip," he whispered, with a strange horror in his look and tone, "could *you—you*—aim the shaft at Guy Bradbrook's heart?"

"Hear me, father," the young man cried, seizing his parent's hands as he spoke. "I am glad you have asked me that question, for it is one I have asked myself most solemnly. Sooner would I lay down my own life than take his! Not that I consider the wrong, for the time may not be far distant when I shall meet him in open battle, and when to kill him would be but the necessary result of meeting him. Yet I would not have him fall by my hand for worlds. He shall not fall by my hands. I have sworn it! Oh! should God, in his infinite goodness, ever bring to my heart the fond affection of the only being I ever loved as I love *her*—and give me the right to cherish, and protect, and love her through life, it would all be embittered if men could say—aye, if my own conscience could remember—that I had slain the man who stood in my way! No, no,—if I meet him on the field I will flee from him, and should he overtake me I will defend myself as best I can."

"But in the heat of battle, my son, when the blood is hot, and the passions all aroused, I fear you would not suffer long beneath the attack of Guy Bradbrook. Suppose he should overtake you, as you say, and push you to the extremity of your own life?"

"I should smite him as I would a wild beast!"

"Ah—and then——"

"And then farewell to sweet Isabel forever! For I could never offer her my hand after that!"

"Be assured he will seek thee, Philip, if thou and he be upon the same battle-field."

"He may, but I hardly think he will run the risk."

"Be not too sure of that," said the old man, with a dubious shake of the head. "Remember that a pistol can deliver the death-messenger as surely from a weak hand as from a strong, so that the eye be steady, and the nerves firm."

"If he will come, let him come. I would rather not meet him. He is the only enemy my suffering country has that I would hesitate to meet in battle. But enough of this. Only one question, father, and the subject may rest for the present. If Isabel should seek thy kind care again you would not turn her from you."

"Turn her from me? You know I would not. I love the gentle, trusting girl too well for that."

The old man might have said more, but at that moment Colonel Gansevoort entered, and the subject was dropped.

"By the powers of darkness, gentlemen, but Master Moses Van Swart cut a bold figure that time," the commandant said, as he shook the rain from his overcoat.

"Have you learned anything?" asked Walter.

"Enough to assure us how the thing was done," returned the colonel, as he hung his dripping coat upon a hook. "Van Swart was close by the place where the men were at work on the parapet yesterday, and he saw where they had thrown quite a pile of soft dirt upon the terrace. We have been out with lanterns and found that he leaped from the parapet clear to this dirt; and we saw where the girl's feet touched the sand as they came down."

"But the woman who was seen?" said Philip.

"Was Master Moses himself," returned the colonel. "We have satisfied ourselves upon that point. O, 'twas a well-contrived plan, and a bold man executed it. But God grant that the fair maiden escapes the villain's power. He is no more fit to mate with her than is the vulture to mate with the dove. I know him well."

"You mean——"

"Guy Bradbrook, my dear sir. Did you think I alluded to our mutual friend Moses?"

"I thought you meant Guy, sir."

"Of course I did,"—to Philip—"and if you allow him to make that girl his wife—that is, if it lies in your power to prevent it—you are not the man I take you to be."

"But, my dear Colonel," interposed the old man, nervously, "we have no choice in the matter. She is bound to the young man by a pledge which we cannot break."

"Aye," cried the impulsive young commandant, "I know all about it. Her father, when he died, left her to be Guy Bradbrook's wife. Both the father and son were even then villains, and by every art in their power did they strive to blind and deceive the trusting parent. The old man lied, and the boy dissembled. The demon said a prayer, and the imp sang a psalm. And so, when the poor man died, he fondly believed he was securing to his child a sure source of happiness. But look at it now. See the heartless wretches, so eager to feast upon her gold, that they even send a brutal hireling to drag her away from her lawful guardian! Aye—what have they been ever since the poor girl's father died but villains? How have they conducted towards the maiden? Were they ever kind? No! From the first moment of their learning that she had had a guardian appointed over her, they have been cross, ugly, jealous, and vengeful. And what are they now? Tories of the rankest dye—herding on a level with savages, and even hiring them to kill and plunder! Is it to such that you will calmly consign the sacred charge you received? When Robert Carlton gave his child into your keeping, did he wish you to look to her happiness, or not? Did he wish you to be a father to her—to love and care for her—and to labor for her good?—or, did he only place you over her as a sort of sentinel, merely to keep her alive until she was old enough to be turned over to the keeping of her master? Did he plan that she should marry with Guy Bradbrook simply because the youth happened to be Guy Bradbrook; or did he do it because he firmly believed it would conduce to her happiness? Which think you?"

"But, my dear Colonel," returned the old man, uneasily, "how can I go contrary to her own father's express command in this matter?"

"How? Rather ask how, with a whole heart and a feeling soul, you can carry out those commands when you know that they were based upon a most egregious misunderstanding of the very foundation of his plans. Suppose he had commanded that, on the day she was nineteen years of age, she should be sent to a certain settlement, there to remain upon a place he owned. The appointed time comes, and you learn that a tribe of Indians have descended upon the settlement in question, murdered and scalped all the inhabitants and settled down themselves upon the farms. Would you insist upon sending her there?"

"Why—no. Of course not," said Walter Lancey, emphatically.

"But why not?"

"Why? Why, because it would be madness."

"But remember: Her dying father commanded it, and left you no choice in the matter."

"Ah—but that is different."

"How different in fact? Go ask Isabel Carlton now, whether she would take her chance among the Indians, or become the wife of Guy Bradbrook! Different! Not at all. The poor, defenceless girl looks upon you as a father, and if you do as you should do, you will free her from the foul touch of that villain, if it lies in your power."

The colonel was excited, for Isabel had won upon his esteem, and Guy Bradbrook he had known for a long time. Perhaps he spoke more from impulse than from reason, but yet he had the best of motives in his speech. He might have said more, but the storm had passed, and an orderly came and informed him of the fact.

The father and son were left once more alone, and finally Walter Lancey said—

"Philip, if Isabel can be brought to me, let her come. God knows I would do anything to make her happy. I would see her, and converse with her."

And Philip answered—

"O, God bless thee for this!"

CHAPTER IX.

SICK.

The sun arose bright and clear, and the heavy rain-drops that hung to the leaves and tiny twigs glistened like diamonds as they caught and threw back the sunbeams. Isabel was aroused by the loud beat of the reveille, which was performed close by the tent where she slept, and after the sun was up Dido made her appearance, and asked the maiden if she would like to walk out and smell the fresh air.

"No," said Isabel. "Not now."

"Better," was the response.

"No. Not now."

"But Mas'r Bradbrook tink you feel good if you smell um fresh air. De sun all up, clar and shinin', like a new half-crown. I'll show you de way."

But the maiden persisted in her refusal, and Dido left.

In half an hour from that time the negro woman came in again, and having seen that Isabel was up and dressed, she immediately withdrew; and in a few minutes more Guy Bradbrook made his appearance.

Isabel gazed up into the young Tory's face, and a sharp thrill of pain and fear darted through her soul as she saw the expression that dwelt upon his coarse features. It was a triumphant look—a look of heartless, selfish gratification; and as he stood and regarded her a while without speaking, she could not help contrasting him with Philip Lancey. The form and features of the latter came to her mind without exercise of will on her part, and she could not avoid the contrast. She thought of him who had been her constant companion through all the years of study and development—how he had taught her lessons of life and lessons of accomplishment—how he had led her away from doubt and fear, and opened to her soul a firm faith and happy trust in the Giver of all good—how he had been always kind, always considerate; anticipating her every want, and depriving himself of comforts that she might enjoy the more—how he had regarded her as a charge so sacred and pure that he had always labored to cultivate those nobler feelings and sentiments that should render the atmosphere of their social intercourse more genial and joyous—and how he had loved her as a brother loves a sister. And—like a flash of electric light—the thought, grown to a hope, followed, that he might love her as she had learned to love him! All this passed through her mind in a very few moments, and ere the man spoke she had time to look over the points of his character as she had had ample opportunity to observe it. She knew him to be wicked and heartless; fearing not God, and respecting not the laws of men; ugly and passionate in disposition; and selfish and dishonest in his intercourse with his fellows. All this had come to her through reliable sources, and much she had observed herself.

It was a terrible fear that came upon her when she remembered the words she had heard from the old man's lips a few hours before. She had never held an open thought of disobeying the injunction of her father, but the consummation had been far in the future that it had never presented itself to her mind as it did now.

Guy Bradbrook finally moved nearer to where the maiden sat, and bending quickly over he imprinted a kiss upon her fair cheek. With an impulse she could not control she uttered a quick cry of alarm, and sprang away.

"Aha! Are you afraid of me?" he hissed, while the angry blood mounted to his dark temples.

"No, no—not afraid," uttered Isabel, spasmodically, for she saw the effect of her movement. "But you startled me."

"Startled you? Did you not know I was here? Say—did you not know it?"

"Of course I saw you."

"Then why did you start when I kissed you?"

"Because," returned Isabel, whose dignity was aroused at the insinuation thus cast upon her, "I am not used to being insulted."

"Insulted? *Insulted?* Will you have the kindness to inform me if *I* have insulted you? Come—I should like very much to know."

"If you were acquainted with what is due to modesty and decency you would not approach a female with a familiarity which is acceptable only from the most intimate and valued relative."

Guy Bradbrook gazed into the maiden's face with a fiendish expression, and while a sarcastic smile crept around his thick lips, he said—

"I'm sorry I offended you, my dear peck of sobriety and virtue. I'm very sorry I offended you. But I have a sovereign remedy for all such mishaps in the future. I don't want to offend you, and yet I want to kiss you—I must kiss you. Tell me: How is it in your estimation with regard to the right of a husband to kiss his wife? Can he do it without any very great breach of propriety? Come—I should like to know."

The poor girl struggled hard, but she could not control the feelings that came sweeping over her soul. She was heart-broken and weary, and the bitter taunts—the studied insults—and the fearful meaning of the dark hints thrown out, combined to unnerve her. She buried her face in her hands, and burst into tears. Her sobs were deep and painful, and her whole frame shook beneath the influence of the wild emotions that raged within.

"Come, come,—that won't go down with me, my dear young lady," cried Guy, coarsely. "By the powers above us, my darling, you are working your way to a fuss of the hardest kind. Why—anybody would suppose that we were strangers to each other, and that I had terribly wronged you. What do you mean? Do you imagine that you are not to be my wife? Say! Tell me! Do you imagine that you are not going to be my wife? Why don't you speak? Have ye lost yer tongue? Come—*say!* What d'ye think?"

As the young Tory thus spoke he seized Isabel by the arm and gave her quite a smart jerk.

"Have mercy!" she gasped, turning her face, pale as marble, up to her companion's gaze. "Leave me now. Let me be alone till I am——"

"Till you are what?"

"Oh! I am not well! I am faint and weak!"

"Faint and weak! I suppose my kiss has done all this, hasn't it?"

"No, no. I am not well."

Guy Bradbrook began to observe that the maiden did not look well. He took her hand, and he found it very hot and dry. Her face was pale, and her lips, even, had lost their color.

"I'll send somebody to see to you, Isabel. But mind you—don't never let me see you act to me as you have done now, for I don't like it. 'Twont be for your own good. You'd better believe me, now, I tell ye. You ought to know me well enough to know that I can't bear some things quite so well as them that wants to wheedle ye into lovin' 'em."

And with this cutting piece of insinuation the man left; but the words had no effect upon Isabel, for she had become too faint and sick to notice them.

Ere long Dido came, and as soon as she saw the maiden she knew that a fever was upon her.

"Let me see Mr. Bradbrook," the poor girl murmured, at the same time pressing her hand upon her aching brow.

"He jus' went out," returned the negress.

"I don't mean him. I would see his father."

Dido went out, and in a few moments she returned followed by Nathan Bradbrook.

"Did you wish to see me, my dear?" the old Tory asked.

"Yes, sir. I wish to ask a favor. Can you not send for Phillis to come and stay with me?"

"O—you mean your negro woman?"

"Yes, sir."

"She is yours?"

"Yes, sir—one my father left me."

Nathan Bradbrook thought favorably of the idea at once, for the "negro woman Phillis" was a valuable piece of property. He said he would go and see about it. He went at once to St. Ledger's tent, and found the colonel in close conversation with Moses Van Swart. He told the commander what Isabel wanted, and expressed the hope that the woman might be sent for.

"Is she a bright woman?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, sir—very bright and intelligent."

"Then we'll send and try our luck. I hardly think that the Rebel colonel will let her come, however."

A messenger was called, and the errand given to him.

"Say that Miss Carlton is very sick, having taken a severe cold last night, and that she prays most earnestly for the presence of old Phillis."

The man took a small white flag, and went out. He was permitted to approach the fort until within speaking distance, and then the sentinel stopped him. Gansevoort had heard of the approach of a white flag, and he was upon the parapet.

"I bear a message from the Lady Isabel Carlton to Colonel Gansevoort," said the messenger.

"You may go out and lead him in," said the commandant, turning to a sergeant who stood by his side.

The sergeant took one of his guard and went out. The messenger was securely blindfolded, and in this way led within the fort, where he was examined to see if he carried concealed weapons. None were found, and he was then led within an apartment in the officers' quarters, the only light of which came from a lamp that was suspended from the ceiling. There were no windows, though there were several doors. Here the hoodwink was removed from the Englishman's eyes, and as soon as he could distinguish objects about him, he was asked to state his business. Walter Lancey and his son had been admitted, as the subject was one of deep interest to them.

"Miss Carlton is very sick, sir," commenced the messenger. "She caught a severe cold last night, as she went to bed with her wet garments on. This morning she is suffering with fever, and she is very anxious that her negro woman, Phillis, be allowed to come to her. She weeps and prays by turns for the boon."

Philip was upon the point of speaking, but Gansevoort made a sign which he understood, and he remained silent. The colonel then turned to the Englishman, and asked—

"Was the lady injured in any way during her passage to your camp?"

"Not at all, sir; and if she had put on dry clothes, as she might have done, by simply asking for them, she wouldn't have been sick now."

"I must confer with my officers," said Gansevoort, as he arose from the table at which he had been seated.

He went out, followed by the father and son, and a sergeant with six men took his place.

"Can this woman be trusted?" the colonel asked, as soon as they were clear of the messenger's ears.

"There never was a woman I would trust more implicitly," returned Philip, warmly.

"My son speaks truly," added the old man, as he saw that the colonel might hesitate to receive Philip's ardent assurance. "Phillis is a firm, reliable Patriot, and she hates an Englishman or a Tory worse than she does the savages. And she is shrewd, too—so shrewd that no amount of questioning can swerve her from a preconceived purpose. Her conscience is active; but she believes that it is better to deceive a wicked man than to betray a friend. At all events, if I speak to her, and put her on her guard, I will answer for her faith—answer with my head, if need be."

"That is enough," replied the colonel. "I will simply speak with Willett and Wesson."

The other officers made no objection to the movement when the matter had been explained to them, and old Phillis was sent for. She was nearly frantic when she knew that her young mistress was sick; but she became calm in a moment when she was informed that she might go to her, if she would pay attention to what was said.

"Now suppose the English officers should ask how many men we had, and how much provisions we had, and where the defences were, and so on, what should you tell them?"

"Me poor nigger, mas'r; me know noff'n 'bout sich things," returned Phillis, with a half idiotic stare, which would have convinced any body that she was not more than half-witted. "May be more'n a thousand uf dem stay as come las' night in de rain. My golly, more'n t'ree hundred come a creepin' in like so many rats, right up out ob de ribber? But what shall ole Phillis tell um? She ken know jus' noff'n at all, or she can tell um bloody, unfeelin' Britishers anything you like to hab um t'ink."

It was finally arranged that she should "know noff'n;" though where there was a favorable opportunity, she might magnify a little, in a quiet sort of way.

"Phillis," whispered Philip, as soon as he had an opportunity to speak with her alone, "I wish you to convey a message from me. Tell Isabel that I—that— Tell her that I would have risked my own life——"

"Now look a heah, Mas'r Philip," interposed the old woman, as the youth hesitated, "guess you'd better let ole Phillis tell her jus' what she tinks she ort'r tell. Dis chile aint blind, sir. Oh, no. Jus' you keep quiet, an' let me be. I'll know what to tell my good young lady."

Philip caught the woman by the hand, and thanked her; and then he added: "Keep your eyes open, for I may send a messenger to your mistress ere many days."

"I'll look out for 'um," returned Phillis; and then she turned away to pack up her own and Isabel's clothing. She was not long at the work, and when all was prepared, she followed the sergeant from the fort, the messenger being led out blindfolded, as he had entered.

The faithful old servant was conducted first to Nathan Bradbrook, where several ques-questions were put to her concerning Walter Lancey and his son, all of which she answered promptly and satisfactorily, without giving him any information. After this she was led to her young mistress, whom she embraced with all the affection of a mother. She was startled, for she saw that Isabel was very sick, and as soon as possible she had a physician called. Bradbrook sent the best one there was in the camp.

It was a case of sudden and severe fever, caused by the exposure of the night before, added to sleeping in damp clothing, and assisted by the intense anxiety and nervous excitement consequent upon the outrage of her capture.

The doctor spent some time with her, and when he had prepared some medicine, and given Phillis directions for administering it, he informed Isabel that she would soon be well, if she was careful. And then turning to the negro woman he added—

"Don't you go to telling any exciting stories, nor making any conversation at all. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. You needn't fear dat I shall hurt her. Ole Phillis knows what's bad for sick folks."

During the forenoon Isabel suffered much from head-ache and pain in the limbs, but shortly after noon she fell asleep, and slept until near dark. She felt better when she awoke, and not long afterwards the doctor called in. He smiled as he sat down by the side of the cot, for he felt assured that his fair patient would not have a malignant fever. He gave directions for her treatment during the night, and then withdrew.

It was near midnight when Isabel awoke from a troubled sleep, and found Phillis napping at the foot of her cot. She would have closed her eyes again and remained silent, but her motion had already aroused the watcher, and she started up.

"What does my chile want?"

"I want you to come and sit down here by my head," whispered the maiden.

Phillis did as directed. Isabel listened awhile, but no sound came to indicate that any one was moving in the other apartment of the tent.

"Phillis," she said, in a low whisper, which could not have been understood by any one six feet off, "You saw Mr. Lancey before you came?"

"Yes," replied the watcher, in the same low tone.

"And you saw Philip?"

"Ah—yes—I did see him, Bella. I did see him and I pitied him, too!"

"Did he suffer much, Phillis?"

"De Lord bress his noble soul! Don't ye think he wear a gwine to jump right ober de walls ob de fort an' run all alone arter ye, Bella; an' he would a' did it for sartin only de colonel grabbed him and say he shan't go, 'cause it's ob no use. Oh, missus, don't ye t'ink he come to me just as I wear a gwine to start for to come here—he come, an' he say—says he—'Phillis, I wants ye to carry a message for me.' Mind ye, he whispered it, jus' as I am whisp'rin' now. An' says he—'Tell Isabel—tell her'—he got so far, an' den he broke clar down. His heart kind o' gin way like, an' I could see his lips tremble, an' his handsome face look *so* sorrowful! Oh, how I did pity him. But, says he, when he'd got strained up once more—says he—'Phillis, tell her dat I would a laid down my own life for her—.' He got so far, an' I pitied him so dat, says I, 'Hush, mas'r Philip, I knows what ye mean.' An' den I come off. He's a splendid man, mas'r Philip is; an' he knows so much, too."

"Did they know how I was taken away, Phillis?" the maiden asked, more to hide her real feelings than for the purpose of information.

"Oh, yes. Dey know'd 'at dat Moses Van Swart war dressed up in woman's close, an' dat he run away wid yer. Wasn't it so?"

"Yes, Phillis."

"An' did he hurt ye?"

"Not much. He brought me as easily as any one could have done it."

"Only Mas'r Philip, Bella. Mas'r Philip would a' brought ye jus' as easy as I'd carry a baby. An' cause why, d'ye s'pose?"

"Why what? I don't understand you."

"'Cause why'd he bring ye so easy, I meant. What for d'ye tink he'd be so drefful keerful for if he war a carryin' ye?"

"Why—any of my friends would do it."

"Ah—don't know, Bella. But I'll tell ye: Mas'r Philip lubs yer! O, ye needn't go for to say 'tisn't so, 'cause I knows 'tis. He lubs yer better'n he lubs his own life, 'cause he'd lay down his life dis berry minute if he tought 'twould be ob good to yer."

"My head aches, Phillis."

"Bress de Lord! ye ought to 'ave tole me afore. But we won't talk any more. Dar.—Now lay right down so. D'ye want anyting?"

"Some drink."

The sick girl drank, and then she lay back upon her pillow, and long after the faithful African thought she slept did she lie there awake and pondered upon the unhappy fate which awaited her. Duty to her father's dying request appealed to her with a moving force; while Love, deep and fervent, awoke a rebellion in her soul which simple reason had no power to quell.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

When the mind is tranquil, and the finer sensibilities of our nature attuned to harmoney, they seem to be but chords responding to the magic of the beautiful objects that environ us—the strings of an Æolian harp, which vibrate to every passing breeze. The very spirit of beauty seems living and moving around us. The enchantment of sweet sounds steals over the soul, but leaves their nature and their origin enwrapped in mystery. Most varied are the sources whence this emotion springs: objects differing in their form and proportions—absolutely opposite in their nature—seem equally fitted to excite and to gratify it. There is the beauty of helpless childhood, of vigorous manhood, and venerable old age. There is the beauty of spring, when nature, bursting from her icy fetters, assumes her robes of green, and, rejoicing in her new-born freedom, holds her annual jubilee. There is the still more jocund beauty of summer—nature's adolescence—with its brilliant sunshine, and its blossoms big with promises of future joys. There is the sadder beauty of the autumn, when nature, after bringing forth her flowers, and fruits, dons her russet robe—a sober matron, less bright and gay, but not less beautiful. Its fairest flowers have withered, and the deep green has passed into the sere and yellow leaf; and yet, with all the sad associations which it brings, and emblematic as it is of man's decay and death, its beauty moves the heart as powerfully as the brighter hues and more gladdening associations of a gayer season. And winter has its beauties, too, when nature, arrayed in her snowy mantle, rests and renews her vigor. Millions of diamonds glitter in the cold, bright sun, and every tree bends under its feathery load. The trees which filled Aladdin's cave, bending beneath their load of jeweled fruitage, could never vie with these in brightness and in beauty.

SHAKING HANDS.

The mere offer of the hand is the readiest sign of voluntary courtesy or forgiveness, and its non-acceptance the most civil yet meaning of repulses.

Shaking hands is a mode of greeting, the origin of which is lost in obscurity. Individuals display character in their mode of so doing. Who cannot feel at once the antagonism between the touch of a prude and the cordial grasp of a friend? Who knows not the sailor's grip of candid heartiness from the conventional, *passant* "giving of hands?" How perfectly does the graduated or lingering pressure cause the mercury in love's barometer to rise or fall by the scale of hope! What sympathies and antipathies are demonstrated by the various degrees of kindly, irresolute, vivacious, careless, fond, or earnest manner of shaking hands! It is this relation between temperament, feeling, consideration, and the instinctive action of the hand, which has given rise to those theories which profess to read the predominant impulses of character in the traits of chirography

BETA EMMA PENOO.

BY "KIDD."

Beta Emma Penoo, Beta Emma Penoo,
The springtime of Being dawns brightly on you;
It flings on thy forehead the promise of joy,
And calls the sweet wildness of youth to thine eye:—
With the clearness of Summer and freshness of Spring,
Creation has stamped thee a beautiful thing!

On thy young brow of light, Beta Emma Penoo,
The sunlight of time falls like blessings of dew;
It pours round thy heart till thine infancy's dreams,
Leap and laugh in the glimpses of earth's truer gleams
It whispers thy spirit the meaning of things;
And wooes thy young Reason to try its weak wings.

Beta Emma Penoo, Beta Emma Penoo,
A new book of life is unfolded in you;
The wonder of Being, the mystery of Mind,
To thee as a new revelation's consigned;
Yet, nor do we discover, nor dost thou proclaim
How the Spirit immortal is wed to the frame.

We know that far down in thy nature there lies,
An agent informant—a spark from the skies;
That comes with the bright emanations of Mind,
And shows the Immortal with Mortal combined;
But its form or its features, its nature or place,
We know not—its symptoms we only can trace.

Oh, a wonder, a blessing, a mystery thou art,
Beta Emma Penoo, with thy young folded heart,
Where the sweetness of childhood lies laughing in tears,
And the bliss of the present's unshadowed by fears;
Yet where nestle the fiery-winged angels of love,
And thy woman's wild passions sleep calm as a dove!

Oh, the might and the mystical power is thine,
To solve nature's secrets, to grasp the divine;
To pour on the Present fresh gleams of the Past,
And a new ray of light on eternity cast;
To trample the terrors of darkness and death,
And challenge archangels to follow thy path!

Oh, thou'rt weak as weak infancy, Emma Penoo!
Yet the gifts of thy spirit are boundless as new;
Outreaching the earth, and outshining the sun,
The path of thy being is upward and on!
No science can fathom the depths of thy soul!
Not angels can mount to thy destiny's goal!

Thou standest, Penoo, on the threshold of Time,
And thy views down its vistas are opening sublime;
Thou mayest trace paths of joy through its starlight of shade,
And there win crowns of honor that never will fade;
And thy pathway still rising and brightening to view,
Till it blends with the Heavens and thou blend'st with it too!

Beta Emma Penoo! Beta Emma Penoo!
Thy father's best blessings are breathing on you;
And the prayer of his soul is that angels may wait,
To guide thee and guard thee through life's trial state;
And, oh! when this mortal immortal puts on,
May we meet 'mid the ransomed before the White Throne!

◆

LEOLINE.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM OF YOUTH.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

I was sitting, the other day, on the shady side of a maple tree in the grove behind my house, gnawing the point of my pencil, and trying in vain to concentrate my ideas upon the manuscript before me, when Colonel Tom Rossitur came slowly up through the avenue, poking meditatively at the wild flowers, with his cane. "Colonel Tom," as everybody who knows him calls him, is a fine, handsome, portly man, of forty or thereabouts, a rich, easy, golden-souled fellow whom we all love and honor. Our gardens join, and it has taken but a little while for us to become firm friends, as well as good neighbors. This being the case, I made room for him beside me on my low, rustic seat, and pushed my papers out of his way.

"Writing, eh?" he asked, looking at them keenly with his blue eyes.

"No—only trying to do so. I can't make out, Colonel. The thoughts come fast enough, but they are not such as I can put down on paper."

"Suppose I tell you a story of my early days," he said, uprooting a patch of moss with his cane, "would you write it?"

"Try me and see," I said delightedly, and in an instant paper and pencil were out of sight, and I was seated in a comfortable attitude, waiting for the promised tale.

He smiled at my eagerness, but the next moment his face grew thoughtful and sad.

"Did you ever hear a poem called 'Leoline?'" he asked at last.

"Never, sir!"

"I must read it to you, then."

He took a folded paper from his pocket, and read as follows:

"LEOLINE."

"We sang our songs together,
Till the stars shook in the skies—
We spoke—we spoke of common things,
Yet tears were in our eyes.
And her hand—I knew it trembled,
To the light, warm clasp of mine—
Still we were friends—but only friends—
My sweet friend, Leoline!"

"The rest you shall have another time. Yet, hear the last verse:

"There's a blue flower in my garden,
The bee loves more than all—
The bee and I, we love it both,
Though it is but frail and small.
She loved it too—long, long ago—
Her love was less than mine;
Still we were friends—but only friends—
My lost love, Leoline!"

The colonel shook his head as he replaced the paper in his note-book.

"It is foolish, I suppose, and yet I can never read that poem without feeling the water in my eyes. She read it with me long ago—there lies the secret of it, I suppose."

"Who?"

"Leoline—my Leoline—not the poet's."

"Then her name was Leoline, too?" I said, for he did not seem inclined to give me the story, after all.

"You are wrong there—it was Augusta."

"Come, tell me about it, dear Colonel."

He lit his cigar, and smoked a moment, silently.

"How it cuts a man up," he exclaimed, vehemently, "to recall such memories! I thought I was as free as the air, and here I sit before you, trembling, on the verge of as great a weakness as I ever fell into in the hight of that youthful passion. It is strange—strange—how the memory of a love can move me so—for I swear to you that I do not love that woman now!

"I was only twenty-seven when I first met her. It was at a ball given by my favorite cousin, who was an intimate friend of hers, and from whom I had frequently heard the name of Augusta. Before the end of the ball, Lucy came gliding up to me with the brightest face imaginable, and whispered in my ear—

"'Come—Augusta has arrived, my dear Tom, and I am determined that you shall have the first introduction to her. She is quite anxious to see you, too, I know, though I can't make her confess it.'

"I went, of course, to the little saloon where Augusta was sitting with only a few of her intimate friends around her. At the sound of my name she turned around and bowed. Our eyes met. I don't know what she saw in me. In her I saw only a tall and slender girl, whose fine face and erect carriage spoke her what she was—the very embodiment of pride. Naturally reserved and haughty myself, I disliked these qualities in others. We were mutually disappointed in each other—and after a few commonplace observations, I was only too glad when the band began to play a waltz, and left me at liberty to return to my partner. It is needless to assure you that I did not put myself in the way of the proud girl again that night. I think it was quite a year before we met again?"

"My dear Colonel!"

"You needn't look so incredulous—it is a fact. My regiment was ordered to Florida, and after seeing some hard fighting, and losing many of my gallant companions, I came home a very different man. My health was shattered—my right arm had been broken by a pistol shot, and I was sad, and gloomy, and lonely. Then it was that I met Augusta again.

"She too had changed. She was gay and happy—the life and light of every circle in which she moved. I saw her first at a party, as she was singing, with my cousin Lucy, the ballad of 'Widow Machree.' Her arch face was full of fun and good humor, and her ringing laugh rose above all the others, as she finished the song. Then her eyes fell on me. I seemed fated to draw out the worst qualities of her nature. The old haughty glance fell on me coldly; but when she saw my pale face and attenuated frame and bandaged arm, she changed. Her face flushed deeply, and then grew very pale, her eyes softened, and wore a look of genuine womanly sympathy (not pity—I could not have borne that from her!) which I had never seen in them before. She rose from the piano, put her friends aside, and came straight up to me, with her hand extended.

"'I am glad to see you safe, although you look so ill,' she said, quietly. 'But you must not stand any longer—you are looking frightfully pale. Come with me and your cousin Lucy to a seat.'

"I was weak as a child, and the least word of kindness moved me. I had held her hand in mine all the time she was speaking, and tried to thank her as I ought. But the sharp pain of my wound—the lights, the crowd, and the heated rooms had been too much for me, and before I could utter a word, everything whirled around me, I heard a sound like rushing water in my ears, and fainted at her feet.

"When I opened my eyes, I was lying upon a sofa in a private apartment, with only two or three around me. Augusta was beside me, and Lucy, both bathing my forehead with cool water. I thought I could distinguish the touch of *her* hand from my cousin's, and as it fluttered around my burning eyes, I caught it and pressed it to my lips. For days and nights, all was a blank to me. I was taken home, and lay in the terrible delirium of fever, watched over by my faithful little cousin, and sometimes by another, when she could do so without exciting remark. With two such nurses, a man ought to be ashamed of himself if he is not soon convalescent. Accordingly I got well.

"With my recovery, that precious attendance ceased. Lucy still remained with me—indeed, we had been brought up together in my father's house, and were like brother and sister to each other. But Augusta came no more. I heard of her at every ball and party—the gayest of the gay—and writhed upon the couch to which my weakness still confined me. When I was released from 'durance vile,' my first care was to make my appearance upon the promenade of Broadway, with Lucy leaning on my arm, in order that I might have a sufficient excuse for accosting her.

"She came at last. I saw her father's well known carriage stop before the Dusseldorf Gallery, and saw her alight, escorted by a gentleman, and followed by her mother. I hurried Lucy in after the party, and when they seated themselves before the picture of the Martyrdom of Huss, I chose a position farther down, where she must see me as she passed out.

"'Who is that with her, Lucy?' I asked.

"'Her mother, Tom.'

"The evasive answer startled me.

"'I did not mean that, Lucy—I knew that well. But the man—who is he?'

"'One of our merchant princes,' she replied, and she named a name I knew only too well.

"'But what business has he here? He is a married man.'

"'No, Tom. His wife died last year in England, and he is the greatest 'catch' in the matrimonial market,' she said, with a shade of sarcasm.

"I turned and looked her straight in the face.

"'Lucy, you have always been as a sister to me—never more so than now, after all your kindness to me through this long illness.'

"'Well.'

"'You would not deceive me?'

"'Never, Tom.'

"'Even if, by telling me the truth, you would inflict on me the bitterest pain I ever felt in my life?'

"She hesitated a moment—only a moment—and then said gravely—

"'No, Tom—I would not.'

"'Then tell me if Augusta is about to marry that man.'

"'Tom, I am not in her confidence, and I really do not know. It is the general report, however, about town. Even if it were so, I do not think she would tell me—since she has known you.'

"'Lucy—is it possible that she cares for me?'

"'It is possible, and true. If you had seen her, as I have, beside what she believed your dying-bed, you would know it also. Yes, Tom, whatever Augusta does, you may rest assured she loves you.'

"'Thank you, Lucy. And yet,' I added, as I looked at Augusta, as she sat silent between her companions, leaning her head upon her hand, 'she can encourage this man—marry him, it may be, for the sake of his gold, and leave me to break my heart alone! If she loved me, could she do this?'

"'You do not know her, Tom. Love is not, to her, what it would be to me. She is proud and ambitious—she has always lived luxuriously, and she abhors poverty in any shape. She will never marry you, Tom, while you have only your lieutenant's comission—don't think it. I tell you this now, in order to spare you pain hereafter.'

"'I know it, and I appreciate your kindness, my little cousin. But I cannot yet believe that she is so heartless. If I can only see her—if I can only show her how dear she is to me, I believe she will——'

"'Tom, you are talking nonsense. Take my advice, and go away from her entirely. Come—the gallery is filling rapidly. Let us go.'

"'Why, Lucy, she is just rising. And that fellow—confound him!—is wrapping her cloak around her. They are coming down this way, and you will surely not be so cruel as to hurry me off before I have seen her.'

"Lucy sighed.

"'Well, Tom, if it must be so, it must. Only remember that I warn you. You do not know her as well as I. I tell you you may break your heart at her feet, if you will, and she will go cooly on to secure wealth and position, and leave you behind. An ambitious woman is a terrible thing to love, Tom.'

"I scarcely heard her—I was so deeply absorbed in the movements of Augusta, who was coming slowly down the long room, leaning on *his* arm, and stopping every now and then to speak to her numerous friends who had entered. She looked languid and weary—she looked cold and proud, and the whispers of her cavalier, who bent his handsome head over her in a way for which I longed to shoot him, could bring no light to her eye, and no color to her cheek.

"I drew Lucy forward till we stood directly in their path. She dropped his arm as if an adder had stung her when she saw me, and blushed—oh, how she blushed! Many eyes were upon us—I tried to shield her from them, and I think I partially succeeded. Still, enough of agitation remained in her manner, as she welcomed me, to make her distinguished looking escort stroke his glossy, black moustache with evident uneasiness.

"'You came upon me so like one from the dead, Lieutenant,' she said, gayly, 'that you quite startled me. You look so terribly pale—when are you going to recover your health and color?'

"'When I recover my heart, Miss Cardigan,' I said, with a low bow.

"She gave me a warning glance, and then laughed gleefully.

"'Upon my word, Lieutenant, you have learned to pay compliments in your sick-room. We cannot wonder at that, however, when we look at your fair nurse. But I am terribly impolite—pray pardon me, gentlemen. Lieutenant Rossitur, shall I have the pleasure of introducing my friend, Mr. Frederick Ashton?'

"Did you ever see two men bow, my dear, who cordially hated each other, yet were forced, by existing circumstances, to keep up the farce of amiability? If so, you can conceive how stiffly we raised our hats to each other, and exchanged the usual salutations of the day.

"Augusta did not look to see how we got on together. She was talking busily to Lucy. Wherever she stopped some of her admirers were sure to follow, and almost before we knew it we were the center of a small circle. That Mr. Ashton liked this kind of public recognition of her charms was very evident from the satisfied glances he cast over the group; but I detested it. Her least look was so sacred to me that I could not bear a divided glance—her lightest word so clear that I longed to have it addressed to me alone. On this occasion, however, I found no fault; for as the gay party around us laughed and jested together, I found an opportunity of drawing near Augusta, and exchanging a few words with her unobserved

"She looked uneasy at first, and talked hurriedly of the gay season at the watering places we were expecting.

"'Augusta—will you hear me?' I said, sadly.

"'No, no,—not here,' she answered, quickly. 'Do not draw attention to us for my sake, Lieutenant Rossitur.'

"'Where then?'

"'We leave town this week. Shall you be at Newport, or Saratoga?'

"'If you are, certainly.'

"She thought a moment, and shook her head.

"'I have a better plan. In three weeks I shall go with my mother to the town of Holford, near the White Mountains. It is a quiet place; and as we go to visit my grandfather, we shall take no one with us. There I shall be at leisure to think a moment—and think seriously.'

"'And may I come and visit you then?' I asked, delighted with the look that came over her face as she said the last words.

"'Did I say so?' she replied, with an arch smile.

"'Thanks—thousand thanks! *dear* Augusta,' I ventured to whisper.

"The circle broke up suddenly, and Mr. Ashton made an impatient move forward, and stood beside us.

"'Lucy, I must say good-bye,' she said, carelessly. 'But we shall meet at Newport, I hope. Lieutenant Rossitur, good-bye. Pray, recover your lost color before we return to town next season.'

"I took the gloved hand she extended to me, and pressed it fervently, as I said good-bye. She passed down the room, leaning on my rival's arm. I went home with Lucy, ten times more in love than ever!"

CHAPTER II.

"The town of Holford, among its many other attractions, was famous for its trout fishery; and when I made my appearance at the village inn, 'armed and equipped as the law directs' with patent rods, flies, and all the paraphernalia of the sport, the worthy landlord saw nothing more in me than in the scores of my fellows, who visited him every season. Stupid as he was, he could not see that I had come down to angle for the most precious thing on earth to me—the heart of the proud and beautiful Augusta.

"I looked at the register, (for even in that little place they aped the customs of the city,) and was glad to find no name I knew. Then, summoning mine host to my room, as I discussed my dinner, I found, by a few well directed inquiries, that the Cardigans were in town—that they had been there more than a week. This was as it should be. Mrs. Cardigan could now surmise no preconcerted plan between me and her lovely daughter, when I dropped in upon them that evening, with my plea of astonishment and delight at finding acquaintances in such a little, out-of-the-way place.

"'Hem—I believe I knew that family in town,' I said, carelessly. 'Is any one but the lady and her daughter here?'

"'No one, sir, except an old servant, who always accompanies them, I believe, when they come.'

"'I think I will walk up and call on them, and defer my visit to the trout stream till to-morrow.'

"'As you please, sir. You will have a fine evening, if you wait a few moments, for the moon is just about to rise.'

"Fancy an impatient lover waiting for that! I got my directions, and was off like a shot. The house stood at the distance of half a mile from the hotel; yet so good use did I make of my time that, when I arrived at the garden gate, the moon was but just trembling above the horizon.

"A tall, graceful figure was pacing up and down the walk inside. I gave one look—I saw she was alone—and was at her feet in a moment.

"'Augusta!'

"'Lieutenant Rossitur—can it be you!'

"I was like a madman in my joy at being near her again, and kissed her hand a thousand times. She looked around apprehensively.

"'Lieutenant, you are not playing your part well. You must begin to practice before we meet my mother, or I shall take *such* a lecture, and be carried back to the city in disgrace.'

"'Angel! I will do anything you wish.'

"'Rise, then, and stand beside me, and look at the moon. See—she is just showing herself above the black cloud that fringes the horizon. Look!'

"I did rise. I held her hand in mine, and she did not withdraw it,—nay, I even let my arm glidet softly round her waist, and drawing her close to me—so close that her perfumed hair was floating, with every breath of wind, across my lips and cheeks. I watched the moon rise, silently.

"Heavens! when I think of that delicious hour, how my heart bounds, even now. I shall never be an old man till I can forget her, I am sure of that. It was there I read the poem I showed you—it was there she gathered a little English forget-me-not from a tuft that were springing at her feet, and gave it to me.

"'Let this be the blue flower in *your* garden,' she said, softly.

"I have that flower yet—faded and crumbling, it is true, but still preserved from absolute decay by the little golden case in which it is kept. I wear it here," and the colonel laid his hand upon his broad breast. "It has been with me in the thickest of battle—it has been with me in every hour of sorrow and of joy—and, if God pleases," he added, fervently, "it will be found upon my breast when I am dead, and remain there after I am lying in the grave—to show that the old soldier, rough as he may be, had yet one tender place in his heart for the memory of the woman who had deceived him."

We were both silent a moment. If, in that brief space of time, my own thoughts went back to one who had wronged *me*—if I recalled the earnest, serious face, the soft brown eyes, the pleasant smile and musical voice that charmed and beguiled me, till I woke from my dream to find myself alone—thou wilt forgive me, whose noble heart can know no treachery like his!

"I have never seen the moon rise since," said the colonel, in a softened voice, without a thought of her. "I have watched it on shore and on the sea—I have seen it shine upon the battle-field, and above the rude grave of some companion in arms; and always, always my 'Leoline' was beside me."

"I turned to her that evening, as she placed the little flower in my hand, and looked into her face. How beautiful it was, with its deep dark eyes, and its red lips, half parted in a smile.

"'Augusta,' I whispered, 'I love you.'

"She made a sudden fond movement towards me.

"'And I love you!'

"I had her! I held her! She did not try to release herself from my ardent clasp—she did not turn away when I pressed my lips to hers, but her graceful head sank upon my shoulder, and the hand with which I smoothed her heavy tresses was wet with her tears. I kissed them off with a happy smile, as I vowed to myself they were the last she should ever shed. But, ah, my dear young lady, I am afraid she has shed many since, and I have had no power to stop them!

"I asked her then about Frederick Ashton. She was yet free, although he had offered her his heart and hand. But she had given her mother a solemn promise not to pledge herself to any one till they had returned to the city for the winter season. And she would not listen to my prayers and entreaties—she would promise me nothing for the future. She could only sigh and cling to me, and say she loved me—and with this I was forced to be content. I left her at the gate that night, and my visit was to be kept a secret from her mother. I could not attempt a formal call while my heart was beating and my blood bounding in my veins so fast. I was well received the next morning by her lady mother, who, not having seen some things which other people had noticed and commented upon, evidently never dreamed of classing an insignificant lieutenant among the rivals of Mr. Frederick Ashton, and welcomed me as a person who had breathed the same air, eat the same dinners, and visited the same people with her, in her beloved New York. In my new-born happiness I could afford to be quiet and tranquil, and I met Augusta as coldly and civilly as custom could require. If the mother had had any lingering suspicions touching my arrival, I saw they were put to flight at once by the composure of her daughter and myself, as we shook hands and exchanged the salutations of the day. From that moment she ceased to lie in wait for me, and I was free to come and go as I pleased, to talk to her daughter, or read to her, or drive and ride with them both. It may easily be imagined how gladly I availed myself of this permission.

"Ah, those were happy days! In spite of all that came after them, I am glad they were lived! I was beside her from morning to night—seeing her as I believe no one else has ever seen her—gentle, friendly and simple. She was no longer the brilliant ball-room belle—but a happy girl—happy because she loved and was beloved. I have watched her face many a time since then—I have seen her when she was sad, and when she was gay—but I have never seen her wearing the look she used to wear, in the old farm-house of her grandfather. For it was nothing but a great rambling, old-fashioned farm-house, where two generations of her mother's family have lived and died. It is deserted now, and falling into ruins. I visit it every year—I returned from my annual pilgrimage there only last week. And when I stood at the end of the garden path, and looked up at the house with tears in my eyes, I was told by one who knew us both well when we were young, that she—Augusta—had been there before me!

"I wonder what her thoughts could have been, as she recalled all that has passed, and thought of the true heart she cast away, and the kindly nature she did her best to render hard and cold. Ah, she has made me the indifferent, selfish fellow I am!

"'That she deserted you is very evident,' I said. 'But I am at a loss to imagine what reason she could have given, since, by your own account, she seems to have loved you deeply.'

"'Reason!' said the colonel, with a hard dry laugh. 'Indeed she never gave, and I never asked for one. It was only too plain to me. But I'll not talk of that.'

"My evil star was shining above me, even then, although I would not have believed it. The dowager Cardigan had always some maggot in her brain, and now the wise thought came into her head that it was much better to spend the remainder of the summer in Paris, than to waste it in that quiet place. I looked aghast when this edict was proclaimed, and Augusta pleaded. But after a little time she, too, seemed to acquiesce in this scheme, and I was forced to be resigned. At least, I thought it would keep her from my wealthier rival—and though that was but a poor consolation, I hugged it to my heart.

"They went—and after I had parted with Augusta at the Springfield station—I started for the White Mountains, to kill time till they should sail. True to their duty, the papers gave the list of passengers by the steamer—but I saw only one announcement—'Mrs. Cardigan, daughter and servant.' I read the words over and over again—they were all that was left to me, except the little flower that rested on my heart, in company with her picture and a tress of hair.

"If ever I realized how small and frail a thing a steamer is, upon the wide and cruel ocean, it was then. My thoughts were on that lonely bark by day and night—and when, at last, I read of her safe arrival in a foreign port, I knelt down and hanked God. I could bear her absence better then. I went to my duties manfully—and the year passed away so swiftly that it surprised me. I had thought it would be full of misery, but almost before I had begun to feel unhappy—the term of absence had expired—and Leoline—my Leoline—was coming home!

"In all that time she had never written to me. This had been agreed upon, however, before we parted, and I felt assured of her good faith. I was in New York at the time the —— was expected. I was on the pier as she came slowly up the harbor, greeted by a thousand voices joining in a regular American cheer. We could see the passengers standing upon the deck—some were weeping—some smiling, and some waving hats and handkerchiefs to those on shore. I looked but for one figure—and I saw it not! She had not then arrived!

"Sick at heart, yet still hoping against hope, I walked forward to the gangway, and looked earnestly at the passengers who came ashore. I recognized many—but where was she? I was turning away in utter despair, when I saw Mrs. Cardigan following her servant on deck. Then came a stout white-haired man of fifty, wearing a Spanish cloak—and then—oh, then—a tall and graceful figure dressed in black, whose movements I knew only too well. She leaned upon the gentleman's arm, and passed slowly down the gangway, with her veil over her face. I drew back in silence—yet I touched her garments as she passed. Oh, did she know I was so near her?

"The party entered a private carriage, which was in waiting for them, and drove away, leaving John, the negro servant, to look after the baggage. I had just strength enough left to go and speak to him. He touched his hat when he saw me.

"'John, has your mistress returned?'

"'Oh, yes, sah! Just come, sah! Hope I see you well, sah?'

"'Very well, John.' The man knew I lied when he looked into my white face, but that did not matter. 'And your young lady, how is she?'

"'Not a young lady any more,' said John, with a grin. 'She is Madame De Costa now, sah.'

"'And that was her husband with her, I suppose?'

"'Yes, sah. That was Don Pedro, sah.'

"'Thank you, John.'

"The man touched his hat as I gave him a piece of gold, and jumping on the box of the coach that took their luggage, drove away. I remained behind upon the pier, and leaning against one of the posts, folded my arms across my bleeding heart, and looked down into the clear water at my feet, in dumb misery. It was all over then! All over! And nothing remained for me but to breathe one prayer for her happiness, and throw myself upon the first sword that was raised to oppose mine in the day of battle.

"As I walked slowly up Broadway that afternoon, I met Frederick Ashton. My misery must have spoken in my face, for in the place of avoiding me as he had always done, he came up to me and grasped my hand.

"'You have heard the news, Rossitur?'

"'Of her—yes.'

"'Madame De Costa has set us both adrift in the same boat,' he said, sarcastically. 'Never mind, my boy. Shall you meet her?—shall you be at the party at my sister's to-morrow night?'

"'Will she?'

"'Certainly. Augusta has too great a regard for appearances, not to accept the olive branch Adelaide holds out to her. She will be there—you will be there—and the world can create no scandal when we go up to that magnificent cheat—and greet her home again, as calmly and quietly as if she had never been more to us than an ordinary acquaintance. Shaking hands with her husband, too—eh, Rossitur? By Heaven, if I do it I believe I shall be tempted to put a bullet through him the next moment!'

"He broke from me with a bitter laugh. Yet all went as he had said. My pride enabled me to meet her once again—to see her, blazing in diamonds—more lovely, more alluring than ever—yet shrinking from my eye like a guilty thing, and paling and flushing, by turns, as I uttered my congratulations, and clasped her hand. Believe me, in her humiliation at the moment which should have been a triumphant one to her, I was well avenged!

"I joined my regiment the next week, and did my best to forget her. In two years she was a widow, but I kept aloof. In two more she was the wife of Frederick Ashton, as I have called him. That is not his real name, however, and she, the Leoline of my early days, is well known you as Mrs. Frederick Odenheim."

I could not repress an exclamation of astonishment. Certainly, the rouged and languid woman I had seen passing slowly down Broadway in her open carriage, was the last one I should have named as the heroine of this story.

"Yes, she has altered!" he said, as if to himself. "But I will show her to you as she was. Not here though."

He led the way into his own garden, and stopped beside a bed of rorget-me-nots, that were just in bloom. There he showed me the faded flower—the long tress of silky, black hair, and a face as proud, and dark, and beautiful as he could have imagined his lost "Leoline" to be. I gave the picture back to him, and looked down at the flowers at my feet.

"They are the same that grew in the old garden at Holford," he said, loosening the earth around them, with his cane. "I took the root from the walk myself, and you can see what it has come to. I would like to throw one in at Mrs. Odenheim's carriage-window, and see if she would recognize it."

He began to repeat again the lines—

"There's a blue flower in my garden,
The bee loves more than all—
The bee and I, we love it both,
Though it is frail and small.
She loved it, too—long, long ago—
Her love was less than mine;
Still we are friends, and only friends,
My lost love, Leoline!"

I gathered one of the tiny blossoms as we left the garden, for the sake of one upon whose face I shall never look again. I have the little flower yet.

◆

AN ANECDOTE OF JOHN ADAMS.—When John Adams was a young man he was invited to dine with the court and bar at the house of Judge Paine, an eminent loyalist, at Worcester. When the wine was circulated round the table, Judge Paine gave as a toast, "the king." Some of the Whigs were about to refuse to drink it; but Mr. Adams whispered to them to comply, saying, "We shall have an opportunity to return the compliment." At length, when John Adams was desired to give a toast, he gave "the devil." As the host was about to resent the supposed indignity, h's wife calmed him, and turned the laugh upon Mr. Adams by immediately saying, "My dear, as the gentleman has seen fit to drink to *our* friend, let us by no means refuse, in our turn, to drink to *his*."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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NOTICE.

Where Newsdealers charge an *extra price* for the "Ledger," we would like to be informed of the fact. The Ledger should be sold for four cents a copy in all the Atlantic cities, and as far West as Buffalo. Beyond that point dealers are compelled to charge five cents a copy on account of the extra cost of freight, &c. But in no section of the country should more than five cents be charged.

AVERT IT.

There are ominous mutterings of an impending storm—a storm to fall upon this and other sea-bound communities with fearful weight, unless human sagacity, taking means in hand and time by the fore-lock, shall avert it. Whoever walks our streets now, can see a great accession to their idlers. But the new faces are not those of mere loungers or lookers-on; they are faces of the saddest kind of idlers—of the thousands who have already, by the great money revulsion, been thrown out of the employment which gave them and their families daily bread, and to which they looked for livelihood throughout the bleak winter that is before us. Within a few weeks past, not less than ten thousand workers—men and women—have been turned adrift to beggary and despair; and who can say what that despair, added to the wretchedness of scores of other thousands, may do in our midst, to appease the cravings of awful hunger—what it may do ere men and women will starve outright.

Unless some broad and prompt movement be made to bring the surplus food of the grain-laden West to the sea-board, thereby relieving commercial embarrassment, and guaranteeing plenty to eat for our city and manufacturing populations, we shall see with the close of navigation a strange spectacle—one section of the country glutted with provisions, while the other section is pinched for the necessaries of life—so pinched that all the poorer classes must suffer. Who can doubt that the great law of our nature, self-preservation, will, in the event of keenest want—in the event of a demi-famine—assert itself, and first of all in such a community as this, where despair borrows boldness from its numbers. Left to itself, it is doubtful if the sea-board has sufficient food to carry it forward to another harvest or spring, even though not one bushel or pound of its products were exported. The capital of the sea-board has always brought forward the produce of the West, and it must do so now, or it will not be brought. If not brought, and that, too, in large measure, we predict that worse will come. Thoughtful men see evil ahead, if the inland granaries be not speedily poured hitherward. Aye, the men of money, forgetting Wall street and speculation for a moment, are considering whether or not our city shall be relieved, or exposed to calamities far greater than any mere loss of fortune.

If the farmers of the West would pay their merchants what they owe them, in such grain as they have, and those merchants would send on the same to their creditors here, all would become easy and clear without any special movement on our part; but since such a course is not pursued in easy, prosperous times, it surely cannot be hoped for now. But one remedy, therefore, for evil, present and to come, presents itself, and that is the one already agitated—the advance of sea-board capital, to bring speedily forward the breadstuffs of the West. Let this be done as much as possible in the debt-paying way, and a huge cloud will be lifted, and we shall see the sunshine again. Our readers may not regard it as in our province to descant on these matters, but since they trench upon the interest of all society, and are the master topic of the times, we make bold to speak. Would that we could do more to aid the community and country in this hour of general panic and distress.

The Panic and the Ledger.—It is a matter of astonishment to everybody (and especially to publishers and newsdealers, who best understand such matters) that the circulation of the Ledger should go on steadily increasing during these hard times. But the fact is, the Ledger has become a necessity. Everybody buys it and reads it. Let us give an instance: Our artist, Mr. Thwaites, stepped into the Bowery Savings Bank the day after the great rush on that institution, and there he saw ten policemen, sitting on benches, stationed to protect the Bank from expected trouble, *every one of whom, he says, was absorbed in the perusal of the* Ledger! This fact will serve to illustrate the hold which the Ledger has on the minds and affections of the people, and to indicate why its circulation steadily increases, notwithstanding the tremendous pressure of the hard times.

Remember This.—Good-temper is like a sunny day: it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquietude.

EVILS AND REMEDIES.

There is crashing, and groaning, and distress all around us. A short-sighted philosopher would say "we are fallen on evil times." But times are never more evil than men make them. If all our labor was well employed, there would be no evil times, nor hard times, nor panic, nor distress. Nature has done her duty. If there was money and confidence enough, all our labor would be well employed. Why isn't there money enough? Simply because we have been buying abroad, for years, what we could, and ought, to have produced at home, and now our money is gone to "pay the shot," or if it isn't all gone, those who have the balance know its increased value and power too well not to hold it fast, or dole it out with "skinning measure."

Public confidence, which, by adding much credit to a little money, makes a great deal of capital for business and trade, has gone with our money. Speculation and extravagance, bringing forth their natural fruit of fraud and failure, have made men as suspicious of one another, as though the whole community were a nest of pickpockets and thieves. An extreme of recklessness and improvidence is followed by an extreme of caution and distress, just as day is followed by night. And we can't get out of this slough without travail. We can neither pray nor curse ourselves out of it. We have taken on the pack of sin, and can be rid of it only in one way—by "lively repentance" and genuine reform. Even then, it will take time to recover the old prosperity. The forge-fires cannot be re-kindled, nor the spindles re-set in motion, in an instant.

The first thing to be done is to reinstate labor—give it universal employment. There is work enough for every species of American labor within the bounds of our own country. We require and consume enough, as a people, to profitably exercise all our working hands and brains, and there would never have been any of the present business failures and forced idleness, if we had been united in a resolve to consume nothing of foreign production that might have been produced at home. If every American, for five, or even for two years past, had established a personal tariff on the basis of his own patriotic determination, and said, "By virtue of an American's duty to himself and his country, I prohibit myself from wearing or using any foreign manufactures that American industry can produce," all would be well this day. But no such tariff was declared, and we are reaping as we have sown. Let the harvest make us wiser in the future.

TACT.

What is it? That which is so frequently called by its name?—the tricks of the mere politician, who "pulls the wires" in a caucus, or "log-rolls" in a legislative hall, to accomplish some measure for the benefit of a set of spoil-jobbers, whose "servant" he is, instead of being that of his whole constituency?

No, this is not "tact," as often as it is mistaken for it. It is only low cunning, and far more becoming a monkey than a man. Tact is higher and holier than all this. It is the capacity to perceive the natural, and therefore the true, relation of men to things, and of things and men, respectively, to one another, and to adapt means to ends so as to accomplish the greatest good with the smallest expenditure of means. It is not selfish. It is generous. It can *afford* to be so, as mere trickery or cunning never can.

Tact is in our *doing* age, in most positions of life, far more important than mere talent. To mere knowledge it is always superior in the affairs of business life. Without it, indeed, knowledge will avail but little. It applies the knowledge, in the right place and at the right time, which else would be but useless rubbish in the garret of the brain!

Give us tact before mere talent, in the affairs of every-day life—even that tact which Experience often teaches, where Nature has denied its possession. It is the Archimedean lever that has moved to activity, and it prevents it from coming to a standstill. All this it has done, and is doing without lamenting the want of standing places. Tact makes its own fulcrums in the different spheres of life—in commerce—in science—in art—in literature—in law—in politics—in the cabinet—in the press—in the pulpit—everywhere!

All honor to those who wield the magic power of Tact wisely and well, directing it for the accomplishment of the highest good of life—the adaptation of honest and pure means to lofty and noble ends!

"OUR PANIC" ABROAD.

A noted Wall-street broker and joker says that he feels rather proud of "*our* panic" when he contemplates its possible effects in Europe. He thinks it will occasion extensive bankruptcy in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, upset the "Credit Mobilier" and thus spread general bankruptcy through France, and then, like the cholera, sweep over Austria, Prussia, and Russia; "teaching the nations of the Old World"—says our Wall-street financial philosopher—"*to respect* the young Republic of the Western Hemisphere, whose floods, earthquakes, tornadoes, panics, and *women*, are alike irresistible!"

THE SKIES BRIGHTENING.

The worst stages of the "panic" have passed. People begin again to have confidence in each other; business is becoming vigorous, and the prospect is brightening on every side. The banks are rapidly getting back upon their old bases of coin and confidence, and gladden the hearts of the merchants with liberal and consoling discounts. In fact, many people who have suddenly learned to live on what they *have* instead of what they *expect*, begin to think and say that the "panic" was for them about the best blessing of the season.

☞ The New York Ledger, for October 24th, is already received by Hawks at the Post Office. The hard times seem to have a beneficial effect on the Ledger—the circulation still going up, up, up!

The above paragraph is clipped from the *Buffalo Express*, a paper that has for some time past been decidedly unfriendly to the Ledger. In such times as these, when we find our enemies voluntarily admitting the fact that the circulation of the Ledger is "still going up, up, up!" when other papers are going down, we think that they pay the highest possible compliment to us.

A woman's friendship borders more closely on love than man's. Men affect each other in the reflection of noble or friendly acts; while women ask fewer proofs, and more signs and expressions of attachment.

A good conscience is a marvelous restorative: one soon learns to look with hope to the future when one can feel justified in turning with pride to the past.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HARD TIMES.

All the ministers have preached a sermon on "The Hard Times;" why shouldn't I?—although "The Puritan Recorder" has recorded that I "have a spice of wickedness in me," which I can never sufficiently deplore, as I would wish to differ as much as possible from the Puritan Recorder, and everything else that is Bostonian. Yes—why shouldn't I preach? The Ledger parish is extensive, and I have the loan of its pulpit; no minister whom I ever saw stopped sinning before he preached to sinners; why should I try to be better than my betters? My sermons are short, which is more than can be said of theirs, and I get well paid for them, which is another difference; so here's my text:

HARD TIMES.

"Hard times" undoubtedly; one hears nothing else, turn which way he will. No doubt business men have reason for their long, troubled faces; for my part, I dread getting into an omnibus, or sitting down in a car or ferry-boat, lest I should catch the infection; for I will persist that a hopeful heart is the best antidote for times like these. "Hopeful?" you ask, when banks are suspending, and railroad stock is worthless, and long-established business firms are tumbling over like a child's block-houses. Yes—hopeful even then—for what good can come of croaking? What good ever came of despair? If you are satisfied that you have planned for the best—as far as human foresight could plan—what more could you have done? As to what "people will think"—as to what "people will say"—he who has not outgrown that may write himself down a slave. If "there's no business doing," don't do it; if there is, turn your back on discouragement, and fly at it like seven fiends; but for sweet pity's sake don't croak—don't groan—don't discourage others who, but for you, might put their shoulders again to the wheel, thanking God that His blessed sunshine was still left, and that they were above the mold to enjoy it; and above all, don't ring the changes on money, money, money, till every child who stops his play to listen, thinks that there must be nothing else in this world or the next worth existing for.

And next-ly, don't charge the "hard times" to women, as if men had not their petty ambition to top it over their fellows. As if *they* never built big marble stores, and made a business splurge generally, greater than their capital warranted, and, when pay-day came, and they were brought up standing, proved themselves lineal descendants of that primeval sneak, who whined out to the Almighty, "the woman whom thou gavest to be with me," she did this, that and the other! Of course, I don't mention in this connection the little private expenses of these consistent gentlemen, peculiar to those subterranean regions where the choicest of palate ticklers are served up for these victimized business men and their distressed business friends, to the tune of ten dollars a lunch. No—I scorn to allude to an expense so trifling, incurred, perhaps, only twice a day. Besides, don't I know that a ten dollar bill, *viewed from a masculine point of view*, has often elicited the philosophical query, Pray, what is a ten dollar bill?

Not that all business men are selfish or unjust—no, no more than that all women are frivolous and extravagant who appear so. Oh, how many wives turn heartsick away from dress and jewels thrown to them, like toys to a restless child, to keep their unsatisfied hearts quiet; the mistaken giver, because pride lays her finger on the rebellious lip, and clasps her armor tightly over the tortured heart, imagining these things a satisfactory equivalent for the love withheld, to be unworthily squandered. I solemnly believe that many a woman would welcome even the "hard times," should it bring back to her lonely fireside the truant husband, for that comfort his summer friends denied him. Try it, disappointed business men, whose pursuit of money and pleasure has swallowed up your better feelings. No man can be poor who has wife and children left—no man can be homeless who has their hearts to nestle in. God help him, who, rich in this world's goods, has no ear to listen for his coming—no eye to look brighter when he comes!

Satisfy a true woman's god-implanted heart-craving for love—and what to her is adversity? This craving, of which she need no more be ashamed than the sweet flower, which leans this way and that, yearning for the warm unfolding sun-ray. Ashamed? A woman is not a woman without it—she is a negation, an abortion, a monster. It is right she should feel thus—it is the glory and perfection of her womanhood; but oh! where shall she turn, if, stretching out her wifely arms, she clasp but love's semblance—its mocking shadow? Blessed is she who, with only a crust for a dinner, can lean trustingly on her husband's heart, and number her rosy children.

Fanny Fern.

HONEST POVERTY.

The present state of the times, financially, ought to be enough to satisfy everybody of the truth of the old-fashioned maxim, "Honesty is the best policy." At the same time, it should convince them that honesty, in clean rags, is far more desirable than dishonesty in whole garments, even though they be of broadcloath or brocade.

The man who has come to poverty from affluence, by no fault of his own, has vastly the advantage over such as have made the same descent because of over-reachings and sharp-practices, to say nothing of frauds—of absolute frauds. It is true that the honest bankrupt will feel the change. He may even feel it keenly, especially if he finds himself the pivot-point of a family now suffering for the lack of what long use had made necessaries to them, though they would be luxuries to the always-poor—and herein lies the secret of the sting of many of the reverses of fortune, that are now leaving their scars all around us, like unto those which the tornado and the lightning leave in their forest-track! But he will not feel it to the extent the dishonest bankrupt must in his fall! Nay, he will not feel it in the same way. The one will suffer without consolation. The other will be enabled to say to himself, to the world, and to his God, "I have held fast to my integrity. I have dealt justly. Mine is an *honest* poverty!" And tell us not there is no consolation in such a reflection as this—for there *is* a consolation in it, which the consciousness of ill-gotten affluence shall ever prevent the possessor from enjoying.

Now is the time to learn the lesson of honest poverty.

There is not in the world a surer sign of a little soul, than the striving to gain respect by such despicable means as dress and rich clothes. None will depend on these ornaments but they who have no other.

PHYSIC.

Under what pathy? Mankind travail with the query, wherewith and by whom shall we be physicked? The mood of the age is in all things innovating, and so far have "regular faculties" fallen into impotency, that "quack" and "patent nostrums" physic half the world. What matters it as to kind of practice, if it only cures? Aye, there's the rub. Our conceits cure oftener than emetic, pill, or leech. Conceit means faith, or the want of it. The old proverb has it—"Conceit can kill —conceit can cure." Therefore, let a man be physicked as he will. If he be for a huge bolus, or a pill infinitesimal, let his faith go with the prescription. Thus are the marvels of life-saving wrought. That medicine is most patent for all good cures that cures most. The venerableness of age—even though it be of the original recipe of Paracelsus—adds nothing, necessarily, to the physic's worth. Many long-lived practices have been none the less impositions and fallacies. Sangrado warm-watered and bled according to precedent, but he nevertheless invariably killed. Of his practice—applicable to a large school—the curiosities of *bon mots* furnish the subjoined:

Gil Blas, one day, by humor led,
To old Sangrado slily said—
"Why not resort to pukes and pills,
Since all your bleeding only kills?"
"Ah," quoth the sage, "good Master Blas,
That sure would set me down an ass,
Who, in defense of bleeding, took
Such time and toil to write a book."

Physic, like other things, must have a basis in genuineness and applicability, or it may as well find its fate in the motto, "throw physic to the dogs." And that would be a waste, for what sensible dog would take physic? Let the practitioners be wise, and accept the physic and practice that cures, whether there be an academy and *materia medica* behind it or not. Physic is a moving, progressive affair, not to be bound by schools and authorities. Above all things, let it make no appeal to law, save the law of common sense and success. Worthy of all honor is the healer and the healing medicine, whether it apply to the "ills that flesh is heir to," or to "a mind diseased."

JEWELS AT HALF COST.

Recently, the "personal" department of a daily paper contained an advertisement, of which the following is a copy, sufficiently literal for our purpose:

"A lady of the highest respectability has a pair of unusually valuable earrings, which she would dispose of at half their cost. Nothing but the direst necessity could induce her to part with them at any price, they being a family relic."

This carries us back, in historical memory, just about three hundred and fifty years, to a memorable scene with which a lady's jewels were connected. Then they were not offered for sale. They were given away freely in the noble cause of geographical discovery. Our allusion will be understood to be to the gift of Queen Isabella of Spain to the gallant Columbus, when he panted for the prize of the discovery of our own country, whereby immortality has been secured to his fame. We could not help contrasting the foregoing proposal of sale with that gift—the one looking to the discovery of a continent, the other to the discovery of the means of personal sustainment—the one to enable an heroic adventurer to buffet the waves of untried oceans, the other to keep the owner from sinking beneath the billows of private fortune's suddenly tempestuous sea!

The field of remunerative enterprise, which was opened by the discovery to which those queenly jewels were safely given, is admitted to be equaled by none other beneath the circuit of the sun. But how have many of our people used it? Let the painful lesson of the present crisis tell with crashes, and groans and tears—ay, let the sale, at less than "half cost," of thousands of "family relics" tell!

THE WORLD MOVES!

It was esteemed a high crime in the great Galileo to state that the earth moved round the sun, instead of the reverse, as believed before his day. When he was put to the torture, with the purpose of making him recant his "heresy," he is said to have succumbed for a moment, and then to have consolingly whispered to himself, "*It moves still*," and thanked Heaven that nothing could alter the *fact*, however he was compelled to alter his words!

That was a sublime spectacle! It has furnished the theme of many an orator and many a poet. It will continue to do so through all coming time. We propose to avail ourself of it as a lesson for those who have lost faith, or affect to have lost it, in the progress of our race, and are prating continually about the degeneracy of the times, the superior wisdom of the past, &c. They are worse than the opposers of the great philosopher. Those denied that the physical earth moved—these insist that the mental and moral worlds move backwards. But they are not less mistaken than their "glorious predecessors." Neither the one stands still, nor the other "advances backwards." They both move forward. There *is* "progress," whether the croakers can be brought to realize it or not—a steady, imperceptible progress in all that relates to the well-being of man. Yes, "the world moves," and the wise man is he who moves along with it—that is, endeavors to catch the spirit of the age, and move onward and upward with it, in the path of duty, as he is enlightened from above to discern it, day by day!

THE ERA OF CHEAP DRYGOODS.

Since the recent financial revulsion, the current of business has undergone certain notable changes in this city, which will probably affect the remotest sections of the country. We allude to the fact that many of our leading silk and drygoods wholesale houses and importers have turned retailers, and commenced selling off their immense stocks of goods at greatly reduced prices. This, of course, compels the retail merchants to cut down their prices to a low figure; the thousands of strangers in the city take advantage of this favorable state of things, to buy largely of all manner of merchandise, so that, on their returning home, the merchants of their respective villages and cities will be quite unable to sell them their usual supply of fall and winter goods. This and other causes will compell the merchants in all sections of the country to sell off their present stocks of merchandise at unusually low prices, especially as new supplies of goods, bought of importers and jobbers at ruinously low rates, will be rushed into every trading-place in the Union. The next three, and perhaps six, months, will be the millennium of those who revel in cheap dry goods.

Self-conceit is a weighty quality, and will sometimes bring down the scale when there is nothing else in it. It magnifies a fault beyond proportion, and swells every omission into an outrage.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The Chicago poet truly says that sin doesn't always come directly from the devil. A torpid state of the liver, or those cold dumplings at bed-time have provoked the "old man" with his deeds into masterly inactivity. Many a time, to be wicked is only to be bilious, and to be diabolical is just to be dyspeptic. Many a patient has sent for the wrong doctor, calling a divine when he simply needed a prescription; thinking he had failed in worship, when he had failed in washing; bewailing an impure heart that he could *not* cleanse, and forgetting a pair of hands looking like a couple of toads, that he *could*.

Poetry is the music of thought conveyed to us in the music of language—the art of embalming intellectual beauty, a process which threatens to be speedily enrolled, like the Egyptian method of immortalizing the body, among the lost sciences. The harmony of nature is God's visible poetry, emblazoned on the three-leaved book of earth, sea, and sky. "How happens it," asked one man of another, "that all our best poets are obliged to write prose?" "Because poetry is *prose-scribed*," was the atrocious reply.

Some pleasures, like the horizon, or a rainbow, or a will-o-the-wisp, recede perpetually as we advance toward them; others, like butterflies, are crushed by being caught. Pleasure unattained is the hare which we hold in chase, cheered by the ardor of competition, the cry of the dogs, the shouts of the hunters, the echo of the horn, the ambition of being in at the death. Pleasure attained is the same hare hanging in the sportsman's larder, dead, disregarded, despised.

It has been said that every man has at least one good point in his character. A gentleman, traveling on Sunday, was obliged to stop to have one of the shoes of his horse replaced. The farrier was just going to church, but suggested to the traveler that Jem Harrison might be found at home at the next forge. This proved to be true, and the rustic who had led the gentleman's horse to the spot exclaimed—"Well, I must say that for Jem, for it is the only good point about him, *he do never go to church*."

If a man's face, as is pretended, is like that of a watch, which reveals, without, what it conceals within, silence itself is no security for our thoughts, for a dial tells the hour as well as a clock. If, in addition to this self-betrayal, the suggestion of Momus could be realized, and a window placed in our bosoms, so that "he who runs may read," the best of us might well change color, for many a heart would look black when it was *read*.

Popularity is the brightness of a falling star, the fleeting splendor of a rainbow, the bubble that is sure to burst by its very inflation. The politician, who, in these times, hopes to adapt himself to public opinion, should qualify for the task by attempting to make a pair of stays for the moon, which assumes a new form and figure every night.

"I said, my fathers, where are they? Echo answered *where?*" This passage from Ossian has been much admired, but the echo, though certainly not so bad as the Irishman's, seems to have been a very absurd one. What hinders it from finishing the question?

It was a complaint of D'Alembert, that men so completely exhausted their industry by canvassing for places as to have none left for the performance of their duties. We shall not undertake to say how much or how little men have improved in that respect since his day.

We know a very worthy wife who was recently half frightened out of her senses by an ominous sentence in a letter from her husband. He said, "There is no telegraph office in this village, but, if I do not write to you tomorrow from Pittsburg, I shall *dispatch* you."

The hopeless effort to please all parties usually ends by pleasing none, as time-servers serve neither themselves nor any one else. What opinion can we have of a man who has no opinion of his own? His fear of giving offense is the greatest of all offenses.

Four fast young men, the sons of men of wealth, were recently brought before a court in New Orleans as common rowdies. The judge seemed disposed to inquire what their bad course of life could be ascribed to. Most probably to their *four fathers*.

"Oh, pray let me have my way this time," said a young gentleman to his lady-love. "Well, Willie, I suppose I must this once, but you know that after we are married I shall always have a *Will* of my own."

"Do you pledge yourself to keep the peace toward that man?" said an Arkansas justice to a big fellow arraigned for assault and battery. "Yes," said the prisoner. "I'll cut off one half of his ear, and then I'll *keep the piece*."

"Steel your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls." "I had much rather steal theirs," said the unpromising young man.

"I plant myself upon this position," said a pragmatical little dogmatist. "Oh, don't plant yourself, for, if there were to be a crop of such, there would be altogether too much dogmatism in the world."

"My boots are getting very tight," said a fellow, after his fifth glass. "If they were not, they wouldn't *fit you* at all," said his companion.

Plagiarists are a species of purloiners who filch the fruit that others have gathered, and then throw away or attempt to destroy the basket.

Somebody says, in allusion to corporal punishment, that the pupil most to be pitied is the pupil of the eye, because it is always *under the lash*.

"Boy, what's become of the hole you had in your pants the other day?" "It's worn out, sir."

CURRENT ITEMS.

A man named McDougall recently died at the Bellevue Hospital, on account of the fatal effects of having swallowed a couple of artificial teeth, together with the gold plate on which they were set. He swallowed them while asleep. This should be a warning to persons wearing false teeth, either to have them firmly secured, or else to take them from the mouth when they go to bed.

Four men recently had a fight with axes, revolvers, and guns, in Shelby county, Tennessee, wherein one man's head was split open, another's bowels were blown out, and a third, who had fallen over a log, was being hacked in pieces, when his dog came to his rescue, and, dreadfully mangling the assailant, saved his master's life.

Several families that owned large quantities of gold bracelets and other ornaments, and gold plate, have sent them all to the assay office to have them melted down and turned into cash. This is much better than taking them to the pawnbrokers. One family thus realized nearly twenty-one thousand dollars from their plate and ornaments.

The number of banks in the Union on the first of September last was 1,416; their circulation was $214,778,822; the specie held by them was $58,349,839; their capital stock was $370,834,274; and the indebtedness of the people to them was $684,456,887.

The late revulsion in business has occasioned a reduction in the receipts for duties by the United States, of about a million and a half of dollars a week. At this rate Government will be without a dollar in two months. But its credit is good for hundreds of millions.

A couple of æronauts advertise a *balloon race* to come off some time this month. We suppose the "line" they will start from will be the equator, and the "pole" to which they will run will be the South, as it has been demonstrated that it is impossible to find the North one.

Mr. George Effinger, of Harrisonburg, Va., has lost several fine cows and oxen by their eating cornstalks which had been chewed and then left on the ground by hogs, that had been permitted to run in the same field with the cattle. This is an important fact for farmers.

Since March, 1818, the names of fifty-five thousand and ninety pensioners for revolutionary service have been placed on the pension roll; and on the 30th of last June *only three hundred and forty-six* of this number were reported as living.

The late financial crash will be advantageous to people of moderate means, after all, as soon as things get settled, because rents, provisions, dry-goods, groceries, and everything else will have to come down to a much lower figure.

Scores of able-bodied and unemployed men are now enlisting in the United States army; the recruiting sergeants say that since the hard times set in their business has been unusually brisk. Only unmarried men are received.

A young man who was recently married at Wheeling, Va., was arrested a couple of hours afterwards for robbing the mail.

The bears have become so numerous and bold in Piscataquis county, Maine, that they come into meadows and barn-yards and carry off sheep and calves.

Many patriotic ladies have resolved, in view of the hard times, to wear their old bonnets this winter, and reduce the circumference of their dresses thirty per cent.

CORA'S HOME.

BY MARY FORREST.

There's a quaint old mansion,
Peeping thro' old trees
That seem to beck and whisper
In the twilight breeze;
Where the stars at midnight
Sing a song so wild,
I wander in the Dream Land—
A lost, ecstatic child.

In this dear old mansion
Books of ancient lore—
Gems of art—and reliques
From an ancient shore—
Break upon the spirit
Soft as Lethean waves,
Chasing back its phantoms
To their deepest graves.

Fair-brow'd children gather
On the garden lawn—
Waking blithesome echoes
In the rosy dawn;
Or nestling close beside me,
Lift their dewy eyes
With questions weird and wondrous,
And softly sage replies.

But this rare old mansion
Owns a richer spell
Than the stars above it
Or the tale they tell;
A something more than reliques
Better far than books—
Dearer than the children
Nestling in its nooks.

Dainty footfalls linger
By my easy-chair—
Tender benedictions
Press down on my hair—
Dark eyes, bending over
Watch the smile come out,
To glorify the wanness
And wile away the doubt.

Cora's hand is dimpled—
Very small and fair:
And its softness soothes me
Pressing on my hair;
Cora's voice is music—
Gushing thro' the hours—
Rippling in the twilight
"Whom we love are ours."

Cora has two natures—
A mischief-loving sprite,
Peeping from meek eyelids
Thro' fringes dark as night—
A spirit sweet and saintly
Sitting in her smile,
With one wing in the fountain
That sent up tears erewhile.

And here we sit together—
Each heart with its sphinx,
Now winding—now unloosing
Life's Gordian knotted links;
Till a mild voice whispers—
"Ye linger, daughters, late,
And Beauty's hand-maids only
On early sleepers wait."

God bless my Cora's mother
For her heart of ruth,
And keep forever gleaming
The dew-drops of her youth;
God love the rare old mansion,
With its something dearer still
Than the white-brow'd children
And the star-song's thrill!

LADY CLAUDINE;

OR,

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A DRAMATIC TALE.

BY DR. HORATIO W. NELSON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District, Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XV.

The picture which the beautiful Claudine presented to Brinsley Oakes, as he entered her boudoir, was one which Titian would have immortalized, not only from the extraordinary beauty of the lady, and the admirable taste visible in that rare combination of elegance with simplicity, which distinguished her costume and the arrangement of her superb hair, but from the peculiar richness of tone of the light which, sifted through the gorgeous drapery of the windows, seemed to fall like flakes of golden snow upon her, and was opulently reflected from a score of luxurious objects about her. The brilliant *tout ensemble* afforded the very scene and object for the richly-tinted and romantic pencil of this magnificent "poet of the irisstained easel."

"Brinsley, I am glad you have come in! I am so troubled about poor Stephenson's case! His examination is now taking place, or soon to begin, and I have let Mary go to hear what can be proved against him."

"Yes; I met her going out."

"I think you told me you would also go and testify to his character."

"For your sake, Claudine, but not for his; for I am confident of his guilt. I suppose you are aware that a pair of gloves, matching the one that was taken from the robber, and a one pound note easily verified, were found in his trunk yesterday by the police?"

"Mary does not know this! Poor girl! Then he must be guilty! Alas, what man can be trusted for honesty, if Thomas has proved a villain! But I learn that the shepherd's boy, Reuben, who was here the night before last, is also under examination to-day. It seems to me impossible that he should have been concerned in it; for he left me, with Thomas, but a few minutes before the robbery took place, and had no pistol, and wore no gloves nor cloak. I sent Thomas with him to the Bell Inn, to take the stage to Salisbury Plains to his home!"

"His being with Thomas is strong testimony against his innocence; but I do not think he is guilty, and shall try and clear him."

"Who is this person in the door?" cried Lady Claudine, seeing some one standing within the entrance, as if waiting. "Can Mary have left the gallery-door open?"

"Upon my word, I do not know! There was no one there as I came in," answered Brinsley; and he stepped to the door as if to see, and with a slight motion of his brow, unseen by Lady Claudine, beckoned the person to come forward. "It seems to be an Italian woman—a seller of perfumes. Did you send for her?"

"No; but let her remain. She may be poor, and have need to sell."

The person thus benevolently alluded to by Lady Claudine, was a dark-skinned, black-eyed woman, about thirty years of age, dressed in the usual costume of the Sardinian peasants who wander about England and France, selling elegant little bottles of perfumes; which, from their excellence, costliness, and purity, were in great favor with the nobility, especially as they could never be had in any of the perfumeries in London or elsewhere—not even in the shop of "The Perfumer to Her Majesty."

Then, speaking loud to her, he said, in English—

"Go and let the lady examine your perfumes."

Lady Claudine looked over the lilliputian, crystalline bottles, elegantly cut and enameled, and finding upon some of them labels unknown to her, she asked, in a distinct tone, but this time in English, their names.

"I am very fond of all kind of perfumes," she said; "and my husband knows my weakness so well I almost suspect him of sending you here to give me a pleasure."

Captain Oakes started, with a guilty flush upon his cheeks, and earnestly regarded her with suspicion, as if he half believed she knew the truth; but the truth and unsuspecting air of her face relieved him, and he answered quickly (forgetting, as bad men and false plotters often do, in spite of their sagacity and caution, how that he had just told her he had no knowledge of her until he saw her in the door of the room)—

"Yes, you are right; I sent her to give you a pleasure!"

"I thought you just said you ——"

"Here, lady," said the woman, in clearly-feigned, broken English, interrupting her, "is a bottel of de attar of violets. Nobody but de Empress Eugenie de France have ever seen it! It is wort more den the six bottels you have picked out of other kinds!"

"What is its price?" asked Lady Claudine, taking in her hand the exquisite little phial, which was hollowed from one crystal, and through the transparency of which the contents, scarcely a toa-spoonfull, shone like liquid gold.

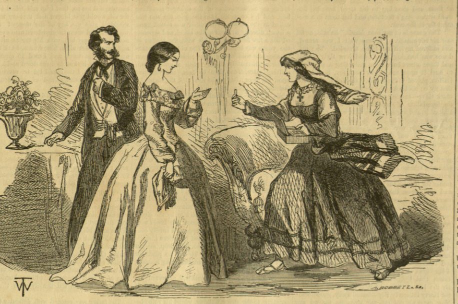
"Fifteen guineas the Empress paid my mother, lady, but you shall have this one for eight. It is the only one remaining of seven which I had."

"You speak better English than I thought you did," said Lady Claudiee; but not suspecting evil, she went to her purse and took out the gold coins, and placed them in her hand, paying her also for six other bottles. "If you are so rich, why do you dress so poor? I fancied when you came in you were an object of charity!"

"My husband takes all the money, and I have nothing I receive," she answered. "Does your ladyship know how to open the little vase?"

"No—I see no stopper."

"You must crush it in your handkerchief. The perfume is beyond description; and the handkerchief after you have enjoyed its fragrance as much as you please, can be cut into small fragments, and will scent richly every article in which one of them is placed."



CLAUDINE BUYING THE FATAL PERFUME.

"This is a rose attar—I must put it away for the wedding."

"What wedding?" said Captain Oakes.

"I have a secret, then! My brother, Sir Charles, is to be married at last!"

"Sir Charles! To whom?"

"To the great beauty, Miss Stanley!"

"Colonel Stanley's daughter!" demanded Captain Oakes, coloring with guilty consciousness at this name. "How heard you this?"

"Not long ago, from the maid, Hetty, who told it to Mary. It was to purchase for the wedding he has gone up to London."

"This is very strange!"

"And Colonel and Miss Stanley are at their place, Rock Glen. My brother, Argyll, drove them down there yesterday in his own phæton; and I learn he is very much pleased with the match. So I shall have Emma Stanley for a sister, and we shall be very intimate. The colonel will be our frequent guest, and you and he, both merry soldiers, can, after dinner, fight your battles over again!"

"Fight over again! What do you mean? Do you mean any flings at me, woman?"

Lady Claudine looked surprised at this sudden outbreak of his voice in anger; but instantly he resumed his coolness, and said, apologetically—

"*I* meant nothing—and I am sure *you* could have meant nothing!"

"Will you go now about poor Thomas?"

"Yes, but not until I see this wonderful crystal broken! I am a lover of perfumes, and would like to have my gloves honored with it."

As he spoke he took a pair of new rich kid gloves (*not* of a canary color) from his breast pocket, and held them out to her.

"You hesitate! If I were a lover again, you would soon do me this favor."

"You shall know then, Brinsley, that I love you now as much as when you were a lover! If you said that to test me, you are at fault," she said, with a brilliant smile. "Give me the gloves."

"Do not crush it in the gloves, but in your handkerchief, for it will ruin them to be wet—all they want is the aroma. Here is the very Mechlin mouchoir I gave you on your last birth-day, with my other gifts. Break it in this."

"In this, if *you* wish it," she answered, looking upon him with eyes full of love and happiness; for he at that moment seemed to love her more than he had done for a long time; his glances were tenderer, his voice softer, and his words gentler. "It will be like the precious box of alabaster which poor Magdalene poured upon her Lord's feet!" she added, smiling; and as she spoke she placed the hollow crystal in her kerchief, and pressing it between the palms of her fair hands, looking at him at the same time with holy confidence and wifely affection.

"I hear some one calling me, Claudine. I will return in a few moments, when you will give me my gloves, and tell me how you like the aroma of this wonderful attar."

As he spoke he hurried from the apartment, out of which the dark woman had secretly fled the instant she heard the crush of the crystal, the sound of which was like the breaking of a singing-bird's egg-shell.

But Brinsley Oakes lingered a moment in the hall till he saw her place the perfumed mouchoir to her face to inhale the fragrance, and long enough to hear her murmur to herself, in accents of deep womanly devotion,—

"Did he think I valued this little vase more than his wishes? In his tender manner just now I foresee a return of his former love! I thank God for every smile my husband gives me of late. He may err and fall into temptations, but I believe at heart he loves me; and if he truly loves me, he can never do anything more that will grieve me. I see a brighter day! the dawn of a happier morn."

He heard no more. He fled as Cain aforetime fled from the altar before which lay the slain body of his brother.

Lady Claudine was in a few moments singularly affected by the volatile perfume which, fascinated by its deliciousness, she continued to inhale. In a few moments her eyes closed, her bosom heaved irregularly and heavily, the color left her cheeks, followed by a supernatural pallor. Her mouth parted, and her hands fell lifeless by her side, while she sunk back upon the divan in a state of insensibility, and with the impress of death upon her white and marble-like features.

At this instant, not finding the porter at the door, and making his way without meeting any one but the perfume seller hurrying out of his sister's apartment, Sir Charles, her brother. entered the boudoir.

The first object that met his sight was Lady Claudine—poor Lady Claudine—in the position we have described.

With an exclamation of horror on his lips he bounded forward and caught her in his arms. Her heavy and unresisting form appalled him. Finding her warm, and with a pulse, he called upon her by name, shouting also aloud for aid. He dashed water into her face, and in the greatest anguish and amazement used every means he could think of to restore life. He was about to press his lips in the bitterness of his affliction against hers, when he started back with horror. The tongue was swollen and covered with flecks of white froth!

He compressed his lips with the fierceness of a man of desperation at this discovery. Carefully he laid her head back upon the divan. She was dead! He knew that she was dead!

"But," and the words came sharp and hissing from between his set teeth, "she has died by poison! She is beyond all human aid! Her sweet soul is gone up to God! Vengeance now remains! What fiend hath done this cruel and most foul murder! Need I ask? Oh! Claudine—fair and noble sister! Poor—poor dead Claudine!" and he stooped, and sought again if perchance life might not yet linger about her heart. "All gone! Dead—murdered! Ho!" he shouted, "Murder! Help!" and he ran out of the room and called aloud. He then returned, and gazed upon her. He smelled a strange perfume. His eyes fell upon the handkerchief clasped in her hand. "What is this she holds? It is from this handkerchief comes the sickening sweetness that fills the room!"

He unclasped the dead fingers, and opening the kerchief, the fragments of the minute crystal vase fell glittering to the floor, while the fragrance that assailed his nostrils was overpowering and intoxicating! He felt his head swim, and his eyelids heavily seek to close.

"I also will lose my life if I remain here!" he said, gasping. "This is what caused her death!" He caught up a glass of water, and, drinking off a part, dashed the residue into his face, and staggered from the room to purer air. In a moment or two he recovered, and an idea flashed upon his mind as to the perpetration of this great murder. He recollected the woman whom he met, and that she was a perfume seller. By this time his cries had brought the steward, the butler, and one or two others, (for most of the servants had gone to be present at the examination of their fellow-servant,) whose horror at what they saw rendered them speechless.

"Run—overtake the woman with the perfumes!" he cried to them. "She must have been a party to this deed, though I do not believe the principal! Where is your master?"

"Indeed, Sir Charles, I don't know," answered the steward. "I think I saw him go out a while ago."

Sir Charles stood paralyzed. He knew not what step to take. He earnestly hoped the woman would be overtaken by the ostler, who had obeyed his order and run after her. At this moment, as he was about to send a message to Lord Argyll, he felt his eyes grow suddenly dim, and his brain revolve like a wheel of fire within his head! He had presence of mind to order the boudoir and doors to be opened wide, and having called aloud—"Keep out of the room until the perfume escapes!" he fell to the floor in a state of partial insensibility!

We now follow the woman who had escaped from the house. No sooner had she turned the corner than she sprang into a hackney coach in waiting, and was driven off at the highest speed that whip and voice could get out of a pair of remarkably fleet horses. The coach took the road to the country, and stopped not until, through the same forest road by which the rector and mad Katharine Cecil had come, it stopped twenty-one miles from Bath, in front of the secluded ruin.

"Done?" asked the brother of the smuggler Brind, as his wife alighted from the carriage.

"Yes! She took the bait like a poor bird! I pity her; but what is her life to us? The gold we get by it, Peter, will take us back to Normandy, where you can live like a man, and not hide like a fox as you have to do here in England. For nothing else would I have done it! She spoke to me, poor lady, in French; but I have forgotten my native tongue, as I have been with you so long in England. Where is the Sardinian woman?"

"She is here."

"Give her back her basket and her liberty. We shall need 'em no longer. They've done their work. But that little phial of *his*——"

"The Captain's?"

"Yes. That did the work."

"I supposed so. He got the receipt in the Indies, so Brind told me he told him."

"Well, I'm done after this with having anything more to do with you and Brind's crimes. We've got money enough now, or shall have in a day or two, since he gets the money, to settle down for the rest of our days in an honest way. How does the priest and the crazy lady get on?"

"Quiet. She only sings and he prays. How long will we have to keep 'em?"

"Not long. Only till its too late, I suppose, for 'em to do mischief."

"Yes. This Captain Oakes is in a hard corner, I'm thinking, wife, and needs to have his eyes open all about him, like a rat that finds a cat watching at every hole it would run out at."

These two persons now entered the part of the ruin occupied by them, and the hackney coach returned to the city, to which we also will now return.

The examination of the two prisoners—the footman and the shepherd—had proceeded for some time, when Lord Argyll and Colonel Stanley made their appearance in the justice-room of Sir Henry Dalton's residence. There was present also stout and honest Andrew, the shepherd, and his wife, who, having heard of the arrest of Reuben, had hastened to Bath, not a little wondering at his having left their cottage at all, and for what purpose he could have stolen off in the night as (they supposed) to go to Bath to commit a robbery for £8,000. They could not believe him guilty; yet why was he in Bath that night? This inquiry he could not answer to them when they came to his prison, nor now before the magistrate. He did not deny that he was in the lane and saw the horseman. He told a plain, straightforward story, but his silence upon the object of his coming to town went hard against him, not only in the opinion of the justice, but even of poor Andrew, who was greatly troubled, and feared for the issue.

"He seems to have been arrested at the order of Captain Oakes, said Sir Henry Dalton, turning to Lord Argyll. "I have summoned him, and expect him soon here. We will set him aside for the present, and proceed to the examination of the evidence concerning the other man."

Thomas firmly asserted his innocence, and told the circumstances as they were, saying he saw the robbery committed, but he did not do it himself.

"Who did it?"

"I did not see his face, your honor."

"Thomas Stephenson, do you know these gloves?"

"I saw 'em, your honor, yesterday! The colonel tried to see if they would go on my hand."

"Let us see your hand. Try this glove upon it."

Thomas evidently was not able to get more than his four large-sized fingers in it.

"He can't get it on, Sir Henry," said Lord Argyll.

"No! This evidence so far is of no value. Here is a one pound note, Stephenson. How did you come by it?"

"I never saw it before, your honor."

"Yet it was found in his trunk, my lord! It seems sufficient for your committal, Stephenson."

"Oh, my lord—oh, your honor—oh, please, Sir Henry, I am innocent as a babe unborn."

At this crisis Brinsley Oakes came in in company with the messenger sent for him. On seeing Lord Argyll and Colonel Stanley he started half a step backward, and seemed confused and abashed! With a strong effort he mastered his feelings. He was not there of his own free will. It is true he had promised Lady Claudine to speak a word for Stephenson, but he had no intention of keeping his promise. What was Stephenson's life to him, so that the sacrifice of it saved himself; and as for his son's danger, what did his safety trouble him, who had cast him off all his life? But he obeyed the officer of the law, and was now present. Sir Henry Dalton then returned to Reuben's case, and asked to know on what grounds he had called to the officers to arrest the lad.

Brinsley Oakes felt that Lord Argyll's eyes were upon him, searching his soul. He felt that in the gaze of Colonel Stanley there was an incipient blaze of recognition. He remembered from what scene he had just come, and he felt that he must now have the self-possession and ease of speech necessary to make a lie pass for the truth. He began to relate his story, how that the boy passed out of his gate, and he, following him about the same time into the lane, saw him seize the horse by the reins, and commit the robbery and fly!

"You saw this, Captain Oakes?" demanded Sir Henry.

"Yes, your worship."

"Remember, sir, you are upon oath."

"And upon oath I assert the same," repeated the captain, forced by this unlooked-for interrogation to stand by his accusation of Reuben, whom otherwise he would have been glad to see escape; but with the eyes of Lord Argyll and Colonel Stanley fixed upon him, as if they were the eyes of accusing archangels, he could not invent a way of escape for him.

"Why, then, Captain Oakes, did you place this one pound note, and a pair of yellow gloves like the one the highwayman left in Colonel Stanley's grasp, in the chest of your footman? Was not one victim enough for the law?"

Captain Oakes was thunder-struck. He sprung as if a lightning flash had passed close to his eyes. He was about to make some defiant reply, but his tongue clove to the roof of his dry and parched mouth. He felt that his slave had betrayed him, when wishing if possible to save his son, he sought another victim in Stephenson. The slave had betrayed him. Arrested by the Chief of Police that morning, by the orders of Sir Henry, and being questioned as to where his master was at the time of the robbery, he revealed, under the promise of reward, everything he knew. It was at the suggestion of the Chief of the Police, who knew well the character of Brinsley Oakes, that the African was arrested. At length Captain Oakes recovered his speech.

"Do you listen to the testimony of a black man? What he says is false, and black as his own heart! If a note and gloves were found in Stephenson's trunk, I had no hand in it. I trust I am too much of a gentleman, at least, to be guilty of so mean an act. If those gloves were found there, my treacherous slave stole them from me, and placed them there to do me evil!"

"Then, Captain Oakes, you confess the gloves belonged to you?" said Sir Henry, resting his eyes upon his face.

Brinsley Oakes was unexpectedly entrapped by his own words. But his impudence did not desert him.

"They may be mine, and yet be very different from the pair you say the robber left."

"They are alike! And, sir, you see both bear upon the clasp your initial letter, 'O!'"

The guilty man colored, and then turned rapidly pale, and then became red again, and in trying to speak, stuttered incoherently. He saw that there was a tide against him, and that, unless he could escape its downward force, he would be soon standing as a criminal before the bar at which he now sat as a witness. He felt that unless he could turn aside the suspicions which were evidently increasing against him, he would lose all—all that he had done, within the last hour, an unheard-of murder for—the fortune of Lady Claudine!

"If I can only get either of those men committed, in four days I shall defy them all! They may suspect afterwards, but before suspicion comes to a head, I shall be a thousand miles in the interior of Europe. All depends on heading this feeling against me, caused by the treachery of my slave. If I cannot, all is lost!"

How little did he know what higher and more damning testimony lay behind, in the possession of Lord Argyll.

"Sir Henry Dalton," he said, summoning all his hardihood, "I cannot consent to be suspected on the testimony of a slave, who, chastised by me yesterday, betrays, or rather forges a lie against me to-day. I cast myself upon your protection, and beg you will set aside so absurd a tale, implicating my honor! I indignantly deny," he added, in a loud and imperative tone, "and repudiate the charge!"

"That's the voice! That's the man! It is all clear now since I hear him speak so, where I have met him!" cried Colonel Stanley, with extraordinary energy. "Sir Henry Dalton, I demand the arrest of that person, and charge him with robbing me!"

"On what ground, sir?" demanded Captain Oakes, haughtily and amazed. He felt that a crisis was coming, and, like a gamester with his last card, he resolved to collect all the resources of his mind for the moment. He felt he must put down Colonel Stanley, or he should be lost.

"Your voice!"

"Vox preterea nihil," repeated Captain Oakes, sneeringly. "I appeal to Sir Henry Dalton if this is evidence worthy of his notice."

"I have no desire to give you into custody either on the word of your African, nor even on this sound of your voice which Colonel Stanley would appear to recognize as identical with that of the highwayman. As an examining justice, I will set aside both."

"I thank you, Sir Henry," said he, with a look of sudden relief. "If it please you, I will now bid you good morning, as I have pressing engagements."

"One moment, if you please, Captain Oakes," said Sir Henry, blandly.

The captain bowed, but looked uneasy; for he believed he was about to escape from a position by no means agreeable to him.

"Only one moment, sir, for I left my wife, Lady Claudine, quite indisposed, indeed very ill; and I desire to return."

"My sister ill, sir?" exclaimed Lord Argyll.

"Yes, my lord! But only a sudden cold; but the medical attendant fears sudden congestion of the brain! You see I cannot but feel anxious."

"I shall go at once to her. Sir Henry, I trust to you this whole matter," he added, aside. "Don't mind the relationship to me. We must press it home. He who would try and sacrifice two innocent men deserves to be hanged; and, were he twice my brother-in-law, I would pay the costs of rope and gallows!"

Lord Argyll then left, and Captain Oakes would have followed, but an officer placed himself between him and the door.

CHAPTER XVI.

The momentary excitement which the withdrawal of Lord Argyll caused in the justice's room having subsided, Sir Henry Dalton said to the chief of police—

"You will see that *no* one leaves the apartment."

"I understand, your worship," answered, with an intelligent look, the police officer.

"What means this order?" demanded Brinsley Oakes.

"It explains itself," quietly replied Sir Henry.

"What! am I a prisoner?"

"Yes, sir! Officer, take Brinsley Oakes into your custody!"

"What means this outrage?"

"That you are arrested on the complaint of Colonel Stanley for robbing him on the king's highway!"

"It is false!"

"Be calm, sir! you can but injure your cause by this violence. The money which you paid into the bank, £8,000, has been identified by Lord Argyll, at least six of the notes, as the same he paid to Colonel Stanley; and the latter has identified, on oath, two notes of one thousand pounds each, which were in his pocket-book, as a part of your payment into bank; and, what is more, the pocket-book itself, which, probably, you had not time, or forgot to, destroy, was found in your secret escritoire! These gloves, also, are proven to be yours. Your importer says he imports such only for you! and that he sold you these! The shoes of your riding-horse have been compared with the print of those of a horse by which a man was standing within earshot when Lord Argyll paid the money to Colonel Stanley, who, in a quarter of an hour after, was robbed of it!

"You may well stand transfixed and speechless, sir! A net of evidence has been weaving about you, while you were wearing your meshes around others! Your crime is heinous enough, but its guilt is greatly enhanced by this, your deliberate planning and conspiracy to sacrifice to your own safety, two innocent men! and what relation does one of them hold to you? Even the sacred one of a son! This I learn from the honest shepherd here! Language is too feeble for me to make use of to express my horror of such a crime as this—a father casting off his son, after repudiating the mother, and then trying to compass the death of that son, by charging him with a crime himself committed! Sir, the criminal annals of England hold on record no case parallel in wickedness. You are now committed to prison to await your trial for the robbery! Thomas Stephenson, and you, Reuben Harker, otherwise Brinsley Cecil Oakes, are both set at liberty, nothing appearing against you." Here Andrew grasped Reuben by the hand, and shook it heartily, and the happy Mary sprang forward, with a cry of joy, and fell, crying, upon her lover's shoulder.

"Stephenson, you will give bonds to appear as a witness on the trial! Officer, remove the prisoner! You, sir, I do not pity! You will receive but the just reward of your deeds; but your lady (if such she be, and such she is not, if this man Andrew's tale is true, and so another crime brands your brow), she hath done nothing amiss, and my heart bleeds for her! But even the wicked drag the innocent into the consequences of their guilt!"

As the officers approached to lead the criminal away, he drew a pistol, and passing them, rushed out of the door. His horse was standing in front, held by Jakes. He vaulted into the saddle, and spurred at full speed out of Bath.

As he rode, with spur and whip, he muttered aloud—

"Lost! All detected! This forged will is lost work! I have murdered her in vain! How could I know that there was such evidence heaping up against me! Cursed gloves! Forward, my horse! Till I reach Brind's, I shall spare thee neither whip nor spur! Fly, good steed! Death and the gallows are behind! They will know I did this great murder! By this the hue and cry is raised! Bound away! and devour the air before thee, my brave animal! This is the last ride we take in company! Bear me safely to the sea-side, and I give thee liberty!"

And on across the country, swift as the wind of the midnight storm, the fugitive sped, escaping for his life! But the pursuers were on his track! Men mounted in hot haste; and even Sir Henry Dalton, one of the best riders in England, calling for his horse to be saddled, was, in three minutes, in his saddle upon his fleet hunter, and in pursuit; for the residence of Sir Henry being on the verge of the city, the country was close at hand. Four or five gentlemen and policemen followed, and Colonel Stanley was about also to join in the chase in the phæton, when, as he was passing the public livery-stable, he saw Lord Argyll coming towards him, with a face pale as that of a corpse; and in great agitation. Supposing he was excited at the escape of the fugitive, the colonel called out—

"He has taken to the fields, my lord, and is making a steeple-chase of it. But we can head him off by the cross-roads if you will get in. Sir Harry has gone ahead——"

"Let him not escape! He is a murderer, sir! He has murdered my sister, Lady Claudine!"

"What, my lord?"

"She is dead—dead—perfectly dead, sir. Poisoned! I was hastening to Sir Henry's to have him detained. Poor Sir Charles like to have been murdered also, but he has recovered, to tell me that he found my sister just expiring!"

"Merciful Heaven! Slain?"

"With some subtle poison! Which way did the assassin fly?"

"He took the main road, but turned into the fields after crossing the bridge. As soon as Sir Henry exposed to him the full proofs of his guilt, and ordered the officer to take him into custody, he desperately menaced them with a pistol, and made his way out, vaulted into his saddle, and was off before we could any of us recover from our consternation. And now you say that his wife is dead!"

"Foully murdered!" groaned Lord Argyll. "Go and see her body, and remain with my poor brother till I return! I mean to pursue this assassin. I have two saddle-horses at the stables, here. That man must be overtaken, and suffer for his great crimes against God and man!" Here he gave an order to the ostler of the stables, who hastened to execute it.

"Have you certain proof that he compassed her death?"

"Yes. I found in his desk, forgotten in his departure—for villains cannot always guard all exposed points—a forged will, evidently and plainly forged, in which Lady Claudine left him all her fortune. Mary, who at once hastened from the justice's to tell me Thomas was set free, told me she saw her master writing it, and showed me a slip of paper she had found, whereon, full a score of times, he had practiced Lady Claudine's signature. The motive for the murder was therefore apparent. Was ever so diabolical a crime conceived of or done on earth? Poor Claudine! She seems to have died in dreadful agony. And the fiend had the audacity to say to Sir Henry Dalton that he left my sister very ill!"

"An artful cover to prepare us to hear of her death, and avert suspicion from him!" said Colonel Stanley, with horror.

"Yes! Here is my horse. I must now see that this pursuit is not given up. This man must be taken, if he has to be ridden down like a fox. Go to Sir Charles and comfort him. He shall hear from me before night!"

The next moment Lord Argyll was in the saddle, and followed by his footman, also well mounted, dashed at top speed along the road which Brinsley Oakes and his pursuers had taken.

The fugitive, his criminal schemes and plans, and conspiracies and devices to sustain himself in the false and perilous positions in which his extravagance, gaming and vices had placed him, had a quarter of a mile the start of his pursuers! When three quarters of a mile from the town, he looked back and saw several horsemen spurring after him. He smiled bitterly and contemptuously, saying—

"Not a policeman in Bath has a horse that I cannot distance in a league, and leave out of sight. I have a long course to ride, and must save my horse's wind. I will draw in a little, and let them come up a little, and then I can leave them behind as I please."

So he checked the speed of his horse and watched his pursuers; and when they came near enough for him to see that they were policemen, poorly mounted, he shook his open hand contemptuously at them, and shouting to his steed, bounded forward with a stag's fleetness, and left them in a moment far in the rear.

"The game is in my own hands," he said, as he saw his advantage. "It was well I was armed, and suffered myself not to be arrested. The evidence was hanging proof; and how slyly Argyll and these others have been collecting it, prepared to hurl it upon me. How that fox, Sir Henry Dalton, played with me like a skillful angler, with that fly on his hook—the testimony of my infernal black slave—making me believe that this was all the foundation of suspicion; and when they saw I bit at it, and argued its inability to do me injury, how easily they abandoned it, and made me, poor fool that they were amusing themselves with, believe that I was fully exculpated, and then to spring these bank notes upon me, number and date, to my utter consternation, for I suspected no danger from this direction, and now all is lost! Every plan and scheme is defeated! My fresh crimes, to whitewash old ones, have proved of no avail, but rather for them I am now a fugitive from the law, and flying from the vengeance of Claudine's brothers. But if I escape to France, these men shall know that their sister has had the honor of having been a mistress to Brinsley Oakes, instead of a wife. This fact I will give them as a farewell memorial of one they detest, and which will amply revenge me for their scorn, in the humiliation and disgrace that they will so keenly suffer. Ah! I must not let my thoughts make me forget that I am running away from a gallows. There rides on a horseman who has passed all the others. He has taken that hedge behind me like a fox-hunter! By the life of Pharaoh! it is that old fox-hunter, Sir Harry Dalton! Fly—bound away, good horse! Now must we put out our strength, for we are matched!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

MY OWN.

BY AN OLD WRITER.

"My own, my own"—oh! who shall dare
To set this seal of claim on earth?
When "chance and change" are everywhere,
On all and each of human birth.

"My own, my own"—these words are breathed
By the young mother o'er her child;
Her Hope and Joy about it wreathed,
Like moss to wood flowers—warm and wild.

"My own, my own"—so gently sighs
The doting lover to his bride,
Finding his sunshine in her eyes,
His world of Pleasure by her side.

"My own, my own"—so gaily sings
The merchant with exulting lip,
While the strong Eastern pinion brings
The heavy freight and gallant ship.

"My own, my own"—the miser cries,
O'er tarnish'd dross and parchment fold,
Chain'd where his cumbrous coffer lies,
With hand all close, and heart all cold.

Who has not planted some fair shoot,
Nursing it as the garden gem,
And seen foul canker sap its root,
Or rushing storm-wind snap the stem?

"My own, my own,"—oh! who shall dare
Thus to defy pain, woe, and strife,
When chance and change are everywhere,
And Death walks hand in hand with Life?

THE DOUBLE MURDER;

OR,

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER'S VICTIMS.

BY AN OLD WRITER.

About thirty years since, in the wildest part of the Shawangunk Mountains, at a deep gorge called "the gap," lived a charcoal-burner. His dwelling—a log-hut of the rudest description—was hid away like a woodpecker's nest, in the corner of a large hollow, in the high bank, resembling a sunken cheek in the human countenance. The hollow was overgrown with trees and bushes, so thickly as almost to conceal the cabin, except where it thrust out its little nostril of a chimney, as if for air. Now and then a chance beam would stray in, however, and touch its one window, which then gleamed out like the fierce eye-ball of some animal from its lair. The charcoal-burner was a dark-browed, ferocious-looking man, of gigantic strength, and with eyes so subtle, so cruel, so malignant, rolling and lurking amidst hanging hair so matted and wild, that it seemed as if a coiled and knotted blacksnake had taken possession of his head, and was looking out of the sunken, livid sockets, with its own keen and flashing balls. His wife—a weird-like, skinny creature, that seemed as if she had dried up from the effects of the fiery spirit within; and his son, resembling his father, of lesser size, however, and spread thinly over with the soft colors of youth—lived with him. Their coal-pit was upon the side of the gap, a short distance up, and it was itself in consonance with the wild scene and wilder inmates; for it appeared at night, when aglow and smoking, like some dreadful monster, with a horrent crest of blackness, and red eyes glaring all around as if for prey.

One evening about sunset, a traveler on horseback was seen, by a loitering woodcutter, on the eastern side of the gap (the Orange county side) to enter it. He had inquired of the latter how far it was to a certain point in Sullivan county, who consequently noticed him more particularly than he perhaps would otherwise have done. He was a fine-looking young man, handsomely dressed, and mounted on a splendid horse, with a valise strapped behind a beautifully-finished saddle. Receiving the necessary information, he disappeared within the entrance of the gap.

About a month after this event, a paragraph appeared in a newspaper of the city of New York, stating that Mr. T., a member of one of the most respectable families of the city, had left home some forty days previous, upon a tour on horseback through the south-western part of the State, and that a month had elapsed without his being heard of. Then followed a minute description of both horse and rider.

This paragraph was copied into one or two of the Orange county papers, and at length attracted the eye of the woodcutter. He told his story to a neighboring magistrate, and suspicion being instantly fastened upon the three inmates of the gap, they were arrested; but the circumstances, though strong, not being deemed sufficient to even place them upon trial, they were discharged.

A year after they were set at liberty, the son, who, always dissipated, had, in the meanwhile, become a poor, drunken creature, thoroughly depraved and corrupt, came before the grand jury of the county, who were sitting at the time; and, in consequence, the father was arrested and confined as well as himself, in different cells of the county prison. The woman was not implicated, but she preferred, woman-like, to share the imprisonment of her husband. In a few days the trial came on. The wood-cutter was first examined, and after narrating the circumstances of the stranger accosting him, and his entrance into the gap, the son was called to the stand. The father was seated upon a bench directly in front of the stand, and separated but a few feet from it; his wife, the mother of the youth was beside him. The old man's countenance was wild and gloomy; his eyes had been hitherto alternately flitting with a quick, keen, shifting glare from face to face, and dropped upon the floor; but as the son took the stand, he fastened his gaze upon him of fiendish wrath, while his face grew black as midnight. The woman seemed crushed down with sorrow—the fiery spirit had all vanished from her stricken countenance, which now showed traces of former beauty. The son's eye also wandered over the crowd, as he came to his place, with the same rapid glance of the father, like the flying of a bird from bush to bush, until it rested upon the anxious and heart-broken look of his mother. It then grew somewhat soft, with signs of compunction struggling within it; but catching the demoniac gaze of the father, it appeared to emit sparks of fire, to snap, as it were, with bitter fury; rage, defiance, hatred, all flaming in the keen, black depths, until the countenance appeared scarcely human.

The oath was now recited to him by the clerk, but just as he was about to touch the Bible with his lips, his mother who had appeared hardly conscious before of anything, stood up before him.

"Edward Wilkins," said she, in a deep, solemn tone, "why are you here? This is no place for you. Come," added she, in an endearing manner, "let us both go home!"

"I will not go home, mother," answered the youth positively, but somewhat kindly; "this is jest the place for me and that ere man there too," pointing to the elder Wilkins, whilst his voice became fierce and abrupt.

"That man is your father, Edward Wilkins," said his mother, sternly. "Surely, surely, my son," continued she, in a piercing tone, "you cannot mean to harm him! Think of it, my child, he is your father. And am I not your mother, Neddy? Come, my boy, come! Come with me," and the unhappy female, as she said this in a choked and most touching voice, advanced towards him with an extended hand, whilst the tears fell in great drops from her cheeks.

"Mrs. Wilkins, you must be seated," here interrupted the judge, in a mild, but authoritative and determined manner; "let the man," turning to the clerk, "be sworn."

Starting as if from a trance, young Wilkins now took the customary oath, and after answering a few preliminary questsons of the public prosecutor, commenced his story.

"On the twenty-third of August, a year ago, father—I mean that man there—and I, was at the coal-pit. 'Twas jest about sundown, and we was a talken about how poor we was, and the difficulty we was al'ays in with the sheriff and constables, when we seed a flashy-looken young man on a fine hoss, looken as if he had lots o' money by him, come into the gap. The moment fa—that man there—seed him, sez he to me, 'Ned!' says he, 'when is that ere execution due that Squire Dobbins issued agin me?' 'To-morrow, father,' sez I; for I called him father then; I don't now though, I can tell him that," and bringing down his fist upon his palm violently, whilst his eye flashed fire. "'Well,' sez he, 'Ned! I tell you what it is; that ere feller riden down there looks as if he was made of money. 'Spose we jest stop his motions?' And he looked at me in sich a way that I understood him in a minit. So we crept down to a narrow part of the gap, and hid behind a thick bush. By-and-by the chap came riden slowly along—for the road is quite rough—a whistlen to hisself, and a looken down at his horse's mane. As he kim abreast, we sprung out; I ketched the bridle of his hoss, and fa—that man there—dragged him off in a twinklen, stuffed his hankerchief in his mouth, jumped upon his breast, hauled out his knife, drawed his head clean back, and——"

"Edward! Edward Wilkins!" shrieked a voice in the wildest and most thrilling accents, "stop! stop! I command you in the name of God, stop!" and the wretched mother rushed up to her son's side, and caught him violently by the arm. "I, your mother, who gave you birth; who reared you from a tender infant—I ask you, I implore you, for the sake of holy heaven, say no more, my child, say no more!"

The court, as well as the spectators, seemed paralyzed with horror. Young Wilkins trembled as if he were about to fall; but catching the eye of his father, in which was an expression of fierce triumph, he wrested his arm from his mother's grasp, stamped his foot, and almost howled—

"I will not stop, mother; I will not stop. Didn't he keep all the money hisself; and when I tried to git it from his pocket one night, didn't he knock me down and kick me till I rolled over and over, and beat my head agin the haarth, and finally, at last, didn't he, when I was blind with blood, fairly kick me out o' the house? Answer me that, mother, answer me that!"

"Edward Wilkins, come home with me. I command you to come. You shall come; you know me boy, when I'm roused, you know me!"

"Yes, I know you, mother, well enough. You made me know you when I was a child, but I'm a child no longer, I can tell you; and him, too," he added, glancing with an eye of flame at his father.

"Do you want to die with him, Edward?" exclaimed the mother, hoarsely. "Do you want to swing on the same gallows?"

"I'd jest as leeve die as not. I hav'n't had a minit's peace since that night; I hav'n't!"

"Enough of this," here interposed the judge, for a spell of horror had hitherto been cast over all to such an extent that no one even dreamed of interrupting this fearful conversation. "Enough of this. Constable, remove the woman. Let the witness proceed."

Again the youth started, but he commenced immediately, and hurried through his narrative as if fearful that his breath would fail him ere he told it.

"Well—he—that man there—pulled back his head, as I was a sayen—drawed his knife up to the very hilt through his throat, till the great spirts of blood struck even me in the face, then held him down till he'd stopped kicken; and——"

Here he was interrupted by a shriek so loud, so frenzied, that it rang through every ear as if an arrow pierced the brain. A heavy fall succeeded, and the poor, heart-broken wife and mother, who had not as yet been taken from the room, owing to the pressure of the crowd, was seen on the floor struggling in a fit of epilepsy, as if in the death agonies. She was quickly removed for medical aid, but even this did not daunt the malignant, revengeful spirit of the poor wretch her son, from his horrible, most horrible task.

"Arter the young man was dead," he continued, more hurriedly than ever, "we searched his pockets and valise, and found a heap o' money. We then cut the horse's throat, afeared he would betray us ef we kept or sold him; and then we dragged both up to the coal-pit and throwed their bodies in. We kept the hull thing secret for some time from mother, knowen it would worry her a'most to death, but she soon 'spected it, and finally at last she plagued me so, that I up and telled her. Arter all, would you bleeve that that ere man there wouldn't give me any of the money? So what with that, and seeen the murdered man every night a-standen by my bed, with his throat all bloody, and my chamber all in blue flames, I tuk to drink, and that man there and I used to quarrel, and finally at last he knocked me down and kicked me out of doors. I then said I'd be revenged, and I've kept my word; and ef you don't hang him——"

The wretch had proceeded thus far, pouring out his words with a sort of frenzied haste, when he was fearfully interrupted. The father had listened to him as he told his story, with eyes that glared more terribly at every word, edging nearer and nearer, like the stealthy movement of the panther towards his slumbering victim; but, as his son uttered these last words, he sprang upon him with the fierce spring of that same panther upon his prey; and, ejaculating a dreadful oath, caught him by the throat. So sudden and unexpected was the assault, that the son staggered and fell with his father upon him; clutching his throat with an iron, vice-like grasp. There was a rush of all near to separate them; but so quick and unexpected was the action, that a moment or two elapsed before an effort could be made. Black grew the face of the son; his eyes rolled fearfully, and his tongue protruded, but still that grasp continued, defying the strength of those who vainly endeavored, amidst the rocking and tumult and pressure of the excited crowd, to unlock it. At last, dashing the son's head with awful violence against the projection of a seat, the father, with a horrid laugh, arose, and the son fell heavily upon the floor—dead!

The father was rescued with difficulty from the hands of the crowd, who would have torn him to pieces; and shortly afterwards paid the penalty of his crimes upon the scaffold. He died unrepentant, and without the pity or sympathy of a human being. I mistake—there was one who attended him in his cell—stood by his side at the scaffold, and received him into her arms when the fearful sentence of the law was fulfilled. The body was yielded to her. She buried him in a wild place in "The Gap," and in one short month was laid beside him. This world was no place for her, and God, in His merciful kindness, took her away. How touching an instance of female affection, clinging to the object of its devotion through shame and guilt, despair and death!

THE HAND.

The hand, in the light of comparative anatomy, most significantly marks the distinction between men and brutes. Its complex apparatus, and the relation between its performances and the mind, are so remarkable, that familiarity alone prevents their being observed with wonder. When we consider that its motions depend upon no less than twenty-nine bones, their certainty and vigor is marvelous. As an instrument, it combines to an inconceivable degree, the almost antagonist qualities of great strength and extreme delicacy, freedom of movement with nicety of action, and perfect ease with thorough control. The same machine whereby the athlete raises himself to the slack-rope, or the blacksmith wields a ponderous sledge, is adapted to graduate the hues upon the artist's canvass, and modify sounds of the most exquisite musical instruments. The fingers, whose accurate sensation counts the pulsations of the invalid, when folded together, become a weapon, which, deftly managed, may fell a resisting Hercules; grasping a mechanic's tool, they perform miracles of skill, and closed gently around the pen of genius, they act as the magnetic telegraph of the soul. The freedom of the hand's movements is ascribed to the collar-bone, which keeps the shoulders apart, and distributes muscular effort to the arm; their fineness is owing to the wrist and finger-bones, and the nervous tissue, and their ease, seems to grow out of the union of all these. Power and flexibility are thus equally attained, and the result is, an instrument which, guided by intelligence, is adequate to the homeliest and most exalted offices, and has for its sphere the whole domain both of the useful and fine arts, enabling the savage to weave bark-thatch for his log-hut, and Raphæl to light up an eternal smile upon the lip of maternity; the mariner, by a regulated pressure, to guide his vessels with unerring helm over the trackless waters; and the sportsman, by the lightest touch, to bring to his feet the eagle that hovers in the clouds.

PREVALENCE OF BEAUTY.

Amid all the deformity of this world there is much beauty. It greets us at our entrance into it, even before we have power to appreciate it, as in a mother's smile, itself the expression of perhaps the deepest emotion of which our moral nature is capable; and a father's joy, which is awakened by the new fact of our individual existence. A happy constitution it is, that to the child, the mother always looks beautiful, unless she violates some precept of that decalogue of affections which the finger of God has inscribed on the "fleshly tablets of the heart." Thus it is, that love and beauty (not in their romantic sense) are inseparably associated in certain forms of our existence.

But it is not alone in the exercise of the higher and deeper affections of humanity, that we are to seek for the beautiful. The material world that surrounds us overflows with it. Take, for instance, the early dawn of a summer's day, that period of the morning which precedes the outbursting of the splendors of the sun; or select, if you please, the hour of "dewy eve," when that same luminary has "bathed his burning axle" in the deep waters of the Pacific. Could mortal pencil ever approach the execution of such panoramic scenes of beauty? All, all is original. All else is copy. Everywhere the difference between the finite and the infinite meets the mind of man. Now, the simple purpose of lighting the world might have been accomplished without so lavish a display of, we had almost said, kaleidoscopic beauty. But God delights in benevolence, as well as in beauty, physical, intellectual, and spiritual. Hence, the union of beauty and goodness, in so many of his individual acts and fixed constitutions.

We must not always speak all that we know—that were folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it is knavery.

GLOVES.

From the first covering for the hand, down to the Henry VIII. gloves, which, D'Israeli tells us, are in the possession of the family of Sir Thomas Denny, and from these again down to the gloves of the present day, something curious, no doubt, might be related of them all.

There is the delicate primrose, or lavender-colored glove of the exquisite, which makes its appearance with the first butterfly of the season, and is the general accompaniment to the moustache, or to the *beginnings* of such a beard as Sir Roger de Coverly looked upon as the type of wisdom. Then there is the sober-colored glove of the staid middle-aged gentleman, often seen grasping the gold head of a stout cane, something less, perhaps, in its dimensions, than the famous walking-stick of Mr. Burchell, which afforded such amusement to the family of good Dr. Primrose. There is the grave, black silk glove of the divine, and the dainty white kid of the belle, bordered with down of the cygnet.

There is the short, woolen glove of the rag-picker, and the long, embroidered glove of the ball-room. Dear Dame Fashion, we crave thy pardon. We were thinking of long ago, when the smallest portion of the most beautifully rounded arm was displayed in public; we had forgotten the demi-nudity of thy present votaries.

It may argue want of taste, but we confess to a dislike of the blue gloves worn by many ladies. The color is too decided. We have seen a pretty girl walking in Broadway, dressed in most becoming bonnet, and tasteful cloak of blue merino, but the whole effect (to our eye at least) was spoiled by her wearing gloves to match. Only think what a sweet contrast a delicate fawn, a pale buff, or a white glove, would have formed with the Mazarine blue mantle.

There is yet another—the prettiest, the tiniest (though not, like Woodworth's, contained in a nut-shell)—the glove of gloves—the wedding-glove! How neatly it must fit the hand—not a stain—not a wrinkle—so fine and soft in texture, that the indentations of those pearly digital appendages, vulgarly called nails, can be seen through the smooth surface. By-the-by, this passion for a neatly-fitting glove used to be a great bore when the ring was about to be placed on the finger of the bride. If the glove chanced to be too tight in the least, there stood the blushing bride's-maid, tugging away at the refractory article, and finding it as hard to pull off as the boots of Peter Faber were difficult to pull on. There stood the bashful bride, trembling in sweet, maidenly confusion—there stood the patient clergyman and the impatient bridegroom—and there stood the mischievous youngsters of the party, exchanging sly glances, and swelling with half-suppressed laughter. Now-a-days, the cunning gypsy of a bride has no such embarrassment. The heart-finger is, seemingly, encased as tightly as before; but on the appearance of the magic circle which is henceforth to bound the maiden's destiny, down drops the previously-opened seam, and "With this ring I thee wed," is heard on the instant. A great improvement, this, in the wedding toilet.

A CAFFRE DOCTOR.

The Caffres are so exceedingly superstitious that the more cunning members of their community take advantage of a weakness common to all, but possessed in a greater degree by some than by others. The system of "eating up," as it is called, arises from the prevalence of superstition, and may be thus described:—

A man, who, from his knowledge of herbs and practice among the sick, is considered and denominated a doctor, entertains, perhaps, a spite against some individual. He hears that another is sick—if a chief, so much the better for his purpose—or perhaps he may employ some nefarious means to injure the health of a man by whom he intends to be employed. The chief then falls sick—naturally or by foul means; meanwhile, the "doctor" has not been idle; he has carried to some hiding-place some herbs, stones, and roots, bits of skin, or something of this kind, and has buried it in a nook. Soon after comes the summons for him. He goes. The patient is suffering, and the mode of questioning the sick man is singular enough. With a grave face and solemn air the doctor begins his inquiries: "Does his head ache?" "No." "Has he a sore throat?" "No." "Pain in the shoulders?" "No." "In the chest?" "No." "In the arms?" "No." And so on, till the part affected is touched. Then the pain is acknowledged, and there is a long pause. No one ventures to speak, save the doctor and the patient. At last the former asks the invalid who has bewitched him? All disease is looked upon as the effect of magic, from their total ignorance of a Providence. The patient replies he does not know. It is not improbable, indeed, he may be leagued with the doctor; or, if he be a chief, that he may have resolved on possessing himself of some poor dependent's cattle, and therefore bribes the doctor to assist him in his scheme. All the inhabitants of the kraal are summoned. They come. Perhaps they expect a feast, unless they are aware of the chief's illness. The doctor moves through the assembly, examines the countenances of this man and that, retires, deliberates, returns, and at last points out the unfortunate man who has already been devoted to ruin. The victim protests his innocence. It is of no avail. The wise doctor can prove where he has hidden the charm which works the mischief. He goes to the nook where he himself has concealed it. The people follow. Wonderful!—he discovers it—brings it to the chief, who orders the victim to pay so many head of cattle, the tax imposed being always so heavy as to injure the unfortunate creature beyond redemption. Frequently he is condemned to death; and frightful cruelties are to this day practised on men and women accused of witchcraft, who, with their heads smeared with honey, are bound down on an ant-hill, and at their feet a blazing fire. Unable to move, they lie for days enduring this torture, till they are released or die. In the former case, even, they are crippled for life.

Antipathies.—It is said that Lord Bacon swooned at each eclipse of the moon; Scalagar trembled in every limb at the sight of water-cresses; Brahe nearly expired at the sight of a fox; Uladislaus, of Poland, ran from the sight of apples; Ariosto shuddered at the sight of a bath; Cardan at the breaking of an egg; Cæsar at the crowing of a cock; Erasmus took a fever whenever he smelled fish; Mary of Medicis, and the Cardinal de Gardona, from the odor of a rose.

The Temperature of Our Wardrobe.—The practice of keeping clothes in a cold room, and of putting on chilled garments, is very injudicious and dangerous. Dr. Kitchiner remarks: "A great coat must be kept in a room where there is a fire; if it has been hung up in a cold, damp hall, as it often is, it will contribute about as much to your warmth as if you wrapped a wet blanket about you."

TO COUSIN MARY.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Cold blows the wintry wind
Round the homestead sighing;
Thick and fast the snow comes down,
On airy pinions flying.

Bright burns the cottage fire
Up the chimney springing,
Cheering warmth and crimson light
O'er all its inmates flinging.

While I gaze amid the coals,
Slowly, gravely winking,
Of my cousin far away,
Mary, I am thinking.

And will my Mary think of me,
This wild and stormy even?
Or unto one *who loves her less*
Will all her thoughts be given?

I trust you're all in cheerful mood,
Altho' the night is dreary;
That all your household band of love
Make the dark evening cheery.

Let's make the best of youth and health,
And bless the "Glorious Giver,"
While we are gliding swiftly on,
Adown life's rapid river.

And when at last our time shall come
To cross the foaming waters,
May He who blesses all our lives
Receive us as His daughters.

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THE VILLAGE BRAVO

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Nearly every country village has its "*bravo.*" We do not mean "An Assassin," nor "A man who murders for hire," as Worcester explains the word; but we mean the one man before whom all others must give way—the man who can "whip anybody in the town"—the great big animal who thinks his position enviable, and who is envied by men with little bodies and littler brains.

Our village had its bravo, at all events; and a perfect type of his class he was, too. His name was Jonathan Burke, though I never heard him called '*Jonathan*, but once, and that was before a justice's court. *Jack Burke* was his name "the world over," as he often said. He was a big, burly fellow; six feet and two inches tall; with broad, massive shoulders; great, long arms; and a head like a small pumpkin. His face was characteristic. A low, receding forehead; small, pug nose; thick, heavy lips; and a broad, deep chin. His eyes were of a light gray, verging upon a cat-like green, while his hair, which was coarse and crisp, was of a burnt, sun-dried color, neither red nor flaxen, nor yet of a dark hue. The only feature in the whole man which tended to detract from his herculean proportions was the flat, or rather hollow, appearance of his breast. To one skilled in anatomy, or physiology, it would have been at once apparent that he had but little of what is generally denominated "bottom," and that a long continued physical effort would have reduced his "wind" to a weak point.

Jack Burke was born and reared in our village, and ever since he had begun to go to school he had been the terror of all unlucky wights who chanced to cross his path. He beat his companions without mercy, and took delight in being feared. As he grew older, he became more insolent and overbearing, and at the time of which we write he was disliked by all the decent people of the place. His voice was loud and coarse, and it broke in upon all circles which might be gathered near him.

And then this bravo did not possess that spirit of generosity usually betrayed by those who happen to be giants in size and strength. He was, on the contrary, low and mean, taking delight in tormenting the weak, and even laying out his full strength upon those not half his size. In short, he was a coward as well as a bravo. He forced himself upon all our little gatherings, and seemed to take delight in stalking about and realizing that none of us could "put him out." He was now twenty-two, and was fast forgetting all of useful knowledge he had ever gained at school.

Among the recent accessions to the population of our village was a young doctor, named William Granby. He was a small, pale-looking man, not over five feet and ten inches in height, and quite slim in frame; but the man who studied him closely would have seen that his paleness was the result of long confinement over his studies, and was more, after all, a delicate fairness of the skin than a want of health. And it would also have been seen that his slight frame was a very muscular one, and most admirably moulded and put together.

William Granby was what the girls of our village called a handsome man, and none of the youth envied him the flattering encomiums he received from the female portion of our community, for as we became acquainted we loved him for the manly and generous qualities we found in him. He was a warm friend, and a noble opponent.

And Granby had proved himself an excellent physician, too; and though he had been in our village but a year and a month, yet the confidence reposed in his skill was far greater than had been reposed in the ancient blisterer and phlebotomist who preceded him.

One day some of us went into his study—he was unmarried, but being only three-and-twenty, of course not a bachelor—we were invited in as we walked down by his boarding place, and were pleased to accept the invitation. His study was a gem of a place for comfort, and among the articles not absolutely necessary for the study of his profession we detected a rifle; a set of boxing gloves; a pair of foils; a pair of heavy wooden broad-swords; while upon the floor were a pair of dumb bells. I wondered what these latter were for—surely not for the doctor's use, for I could do nothing with them, save to hold them in my hands, and swing them about at an angle of some forty-five degrees, and I was much heavier than he was.

I asked him what he did with them. "Oh," he said, smiling, "I exercise my muscles with them;" and as he spoke he took them up and raised them at arm's length, and there held them for some moments, his fine breast rounded out like a Roman cuirass. Then he threw them up, and out, and around, handling them as though they had been mere toys. It seemed impossible that so small a body could contain so much strength, but he assured us that he had gained it all by practice. He had labored for years to develop a muscular system, in which he had been lacking when a child. And he also said that by keeping his muscles well hardened and developed, he was better able to bear the fatigue of his profession, which called him from his rest often for several nights in succession.

We were making arrangements for a grand picnic in our village. The girls were making pies and cakes of all sorts and shapes, while we youths were preparing two tables, and clearing up the grove, which was just outside the village, on the bank of the river.

They day at length came, and the sun smiled from a cloudless sky, and a fresh breeeze came sweeping up the river bearing a grateful coolness upon its bosom. We reached the ground in due season, and only one thing came to mar the pleasures of the occasion. Jack Burke made his appearance upon the ground, in a shabby, dirty suit, and with an insolent swagger. A chill ran through the whole crowd. Many of us would gladly have helped put him away, but we shrank from meddling with one who was so strong and gigantic, and withal, so reckless and merciless in his wrath. We saw the thin, delicate lips of the doctor quiver as he noticed the filthy fellow swaggering about, but he said nothing then.

One of our party was a youth named David Singleton. He was a quiet, good-hearted fellow, and beloved by all. He had waited upon Mary Livingston to the pic-nic. Mary was a pretty, blue-eyed maiden of eighteen, and that she loved David right fondly, we all knew just as well as we knew that David loved her.

It so happened that Jack Burke had offered, on several occasions, to wait upon Mary, and she had as often peremptorily refused him. He had professed to like her, and had made his boast that he would have her yet, and, if "David Singleton dared to put his arm in the way he'd drop him!"

On the present occasion Jack was not long in seeking Mary's side. David was nervous and uneasy. He was a light, small-framed youth, and looked with dread upon the giant who sought to annoy both him and his fair companion.

Mary asked Burke to go away; and as she spoke she turned shuddering from him.

"I shan't go away," the burly brute returned. "If you don't like it you may lump it!"

"Come, Mary," said young Singleton, trembling, "let's leave him."

"You will, eh?" cried Burke, seizing Mary by the arm, and drawing her back.

The affrighted girl uttered a quick cry of alarm, and Singleton started to his feet, quivering at every point.

"Miserable brute!" he exclaimed, "let her go!"

In an instant Burke leaped up, and swore he'd "whip the youngster to within an inch of his life!"

In an instant all was alarm and confusion; but in the midst of the clamor arose a clear, clarion voice—

"Stand back! Stand back every one of you! Back, I say—and give me room!"

The way was quickly cleared, and the young doctor leaped into the open space, his bright eye burning keenly; his face flushed, and his slight, handsome frame erect and stern.

"Fellow!" he thundered, "leave this place! Take your foul presence hence at once! Do you understand? What a miserable coward, to insult a girl! Shame! Shame! But go! go!"

For a few moments Burke was completely dumb-founded. There was something in the tones and bearing of the man before him, and in the strangely burning eye that beamed upon him, that awed him for the while. But he measured everything by its weight and size, and the courage of the brute soon came back to him.

"Who are you?" was his first remark, at the same time shaking his bullet-head threateningly.

"I am the man who ordered you to leave this place! Your presence is very offensive. You were not invited, and if you had any decency you would not be here!"

"Look here, my fine dandy!" bellowed the brute, "just you say I aint decent agin, and I'll spile that lady-like face of yourn, almighty quick!"

There was a quiet smile upon the doctor's face as he replied—

"Your very course now shows that you are devoid of all decency. A decent man would not stay where he knew his presence was offensive!"

With a fierce oath Burke raised his huge fists and darted forward. We would have interfered, but Granby sternly ordered us back. Still we were fearful. What could the small, gentlemanly physician do against such a giant?

But we were soon undeceived. Upon Burke's first advance, Granby nimbly slipped on one side, and with a quick motion of his foot caught the giant's toes, and sent him at full length upon the ground. Like a mad bull Burke sprang to his feet, and while the curses showered from his lips, he started upon Granby as though he would annihilate him at once. Calm and serene the young doctor stood, and as the brute came up he adroitly raised his left elbow, and passed the huge, dirty fist over his shoulder, and at the same moment he planted his own fist full upon Burke's face with a blow that knocked him completely from his feet. That blow sounded like the crack of a pistol, and was struck by a man who knew how to throw all his power to the best advantage wherever he wished to use it.

Jonathan Burke arose like one oewildered, and so he was.' But in a few moments he recovered his senses, and leaped towards Granby again. This time the doctor performed a feat that was as surprising as it was effective. Like a thing of steel wire and finely tempered springs, he jumped up and forward, planting both his feet upon the giant's breast! Burke fell like a log; but his breast was heavily boned, and he was soon on his feet again.

"Look ye," cried Granby, sternly, "you have seen enough of me to know that I am not to be trifled with, Now go away, and you shall go unharmed, save that one black eye. But if you trouble me more I shall most assuredly hurt you! I have given you warning."

"I'll lick ye afore I go; if I don't——"

We will simply add that the remainder of this sentence was composed of fearful oaths, and that, while they yet quivered upon his lips, he clenched his fists and darted forward.

This time the doctor received ..m in a new fashion. He stopped every blow which Burke madly and clumsily aimed at him, and began to rattle in a shower of knocks upon his face and head, and breast, and arms, and body, that soon completely bewildered him. On they came—heavier and heavier—thicker and faster—each one cracking like a pistol, and planted exactly where it was aimed. In a very short time Burke was not only entirely exhausted, but his whole body, above the waist, was beaten till the flesh was black and contused. He bellowed like a calf for mercy.

"Will you leave the ground at once?" demanded the doctor.

"Yes."

"And will you promise never to annoy Mary Livingston again?"

"Yes."

"Then go!"

Like a whipped cur, as he was, the fellow left the ground, and when he was gone the young doctor, who had not even got a scratch, cried out in a ringing, happy tone—

"Come, boys and girls, now to sport. I'll go and wash my hands, and then join you."

Ere long the cloud was gone, and the day ended amid cheers and smiles, and happy songs. Everybody might have been jealous had everybody wanted to, for everybody's girl flirted and made love with the doctor all day long; but everybody loved him and honored him, so everybody was not jealous.

Within a week Jonathan Burke left our village, never to enter it again. He couldn't stand the sneers and gibes that were cast upon him, nor could he bear to see those who had witnessed the summary punishment he had received. It was a glad day for our village when he left it, and the doctor never gave a more effective nor a more valuable purge than he did when he purged the place of that incubus.

One thing more: Within a week every young man in our village had a pair of dumb-bells, and such another swinging, and dinging, ringing, and flinging of cold iron for the development of muscle was never seen before nor since, I venture boldly to assert.

◆

THE BETRAYED;

OR,

THE PURITAN'S REVENGE.

On a fine moonlight night, just previous to the restoration of Charles II., a young man of gentlemanly appearance was walking rapidly toward the village of Charing; his dress denoted that he was of the sect of the Puritans. It was Edward Marston, a widower with one child, whose household was under the direction of his sister Grace.

He had proceeded for some time in his solitary walk, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He started and turned: it was his uncle Martin.

"Uncle," he exclaimed, "what brings you here at such an hour?"

"To tell thee that the Commons of England and Monk have betrayed their trust, and recalled Charles Stuart to the throne of his fathers."

"I have heard as much. England is now no place for us. You and my late father sat as judges on the tyrant's trial."

"Edward," said his relative, "thou art but lukewarm. But the Lord hath reproved thee. Hath He not smitten thee in thy affections?"

"He hath!" groaned his nephew, with a glance at his mourning garments. "She I loved is in her grave!"

"And thy sister," added the old man, bitterly, "the child of her who bore thee is dishonored!"

"What mean you?"

"That William Clayton even now is in her chamber, despite my warning. Thou wouldst shelter him and the proud fool his brother. Like a serpent he has stung you!"

"I must have proof of this."

"Thou shalt watch with me," said the old man, sadly, "and be convinced of the dishonor of thy blood."

Drawing their swords, they concealed themselves behind a portion of the garden wall, from whence they could see the window of Grace's apartment.

Grace Marston was as lovely a creature to look upon as earth could boast. She had won the heart of the young royalist, who was her brother's friend and guest, and, yielding to his solicitations, had weakly consented to a secret marriage. There might have been—nay, there was—imprudence in the act, but no dishonor. Unfortunately his nightly visits to her chamber were discovered by her uncle Martin, a jealous puritan, and the storm was ready to break.

"He comes!" whispered the old man to his companion. "Now are you convinced?"

"But too fatally!"

As the adventurous husband descended from the window of the mansion—for he and his brother were lodged in a pavilion in the garden—both uncle and nephew attacked him. They would listen in their blind fury to no explanation, and the young man must have fallen beneath their united efforts, had not the clashing of their swords brought his brother Richard to his assistance. In a few minutes the tables were fatally turned—Edward Marston was dying.

No sooner did the young man perceive the condition of his friend than he knelt behind him, and attempted to raise him from the ground.

"False friend!" groaned the dying man.

"Not so, Edward—I am true to thee. Grace," he whispered, "is my wife!"

A glance of satisfaction overspread the countenance of the puritan, as he fell upon the sward a corpse.

But no explanation could appease the wrath of Martin. Over the body of his nephew he vowed a deep revenge! Time will show how he fulfilled it. As guardian of his niece, he instantly prevented all possibility of her communicating with her husband, whom he branded as her brother's murderer, and affected to disbelieve her marriage.

Poor Grace was truly wretched!

Richard and William returned to London, where they assisted in the restoration of the king, after several vain attempts to see Grace Marston. In the gay court of the licentious monarch, the brothers moved with *eclat*—alternately the companions of Charles's pleasure and councils, honor and appointments were lavished upon them with an inconsiderate hand; both rose to high military command. At length, when time had sufficiently effaced the memory of Grace, William again began to indulge in thoughts of love. Ellen Digby, the only daughter of a staunch royalist, was the object of his choice. The court and its gay allurements were abandoned for marriage and retirement. Nine months after the death of Edward, William and his young bride arrived at his brother's seat, Tyler Hill, near Canterbury. Grace, who, since the death of her brother, had given up her mind entirely to the guidance of Martin and the preacher Newlight, heard of their arrival, if not without emotion, at least without a tear.

"Wait!" exclaimed her uncle. "I have engendering here what shall work retribution: they have trampled upon us, but we will turn and rend them!"

Within the year the bride presented her husband with a son—fortune seemed to smile upon its birth; the young stranger was not only heir to his father's and grandfather's estates, but to the fair earldom which Charles had just conferred upon Sir Richard Clayton, who heard of the birth of his nephew with unmixed satisfaction. Meanwhile, Martin and Grace had disposed of all their property in Kent, and a light vessel was secretly engaged to carry them to their future destination: one night they suddenly disappeared, and were never again seen in that part of the country. Great was the consternation on the following morning, when it was discovered that the young heir of the Claytons' had been carried off, no one could tell how. In vain did the distracted parents offer rewards; messengers were dispatched into different parts of England, but in vain, every clue seemed lost, and the search was at last abandoned as hopeless. William, with his broken-hearted wife, returned to London, to forget, if possible, in the dissipation of the capital, the grief which preyed upon his heart. Nearly twenty years rolled on without the least intelligence of the lost heir, when the earl and his brother were appointed to attend the Duke of Monmouth against the covenanters in Scotland, whose success had at first embarrassed the government. Before the royal army they were everywhere defeated; from Edinburgh they were pursued to Dumbarton, and driven from that stronghold to defiles difficult of access on the opposite banks of the Clyde.

"I have a strong presentiment, William," exclaimed his brother, as they mounted their horses to lead the party sent to dislodge the enemy from their last defence; "in all our encounters I have been singled out by an old man and his sons—at least from their being always together and fighting in concert I esteem them as such; something tells me that to-day they will be successful!"

William laughed at the earl's augury, and placed himself at the head of his troop. The royal forces were again successful, and the covenanters completely dispersed. The earl, after the engagement, rode a short distance from the field to observe the direction the fugitives had taken, when he once more encountered the old man and the two young ones, whose perseverance in tracking him he had before observed during the day.

"So!" exclaimed the old man, "we have met at last! The Lord hath given thee to me!"

The earl recognized in the speaker his old enemy, Martin; and aware of his determined character, prepared for his defence. Time, which had spared the strength of Martin, had unnerved the arm of his antagonist. He was no longer the light, active soldier who once brought him to his feet. A few blows decided the contest: the sword of the earl broke short, he was unhorsed, and stood unarmed at his mercy.

"Advance, boys!" cried the old man, "and strike!"

They hesitated.

"Do you pause? Edward, Reuben—for this you have been reared—will you spare the murderer of your father?"

"We cannot"—exclaimed the young men both at once—"we cannot become assassins! Give him a weapon, and singly we will attack him; otherwise he is scatheless for us."

"Rebellious fools!" shrieked the old man, passionately; "ha! the bloodhounds are upon us! Nay, then, my own arm! Proud man—thy hour is come; one prayer for mercy is allowed thee!"

"Slave!" answered the earl, misconceiving him: "I offer no supplication to such as thee! I am prepared."

The puritan grasped his weapon, and passed it twice through the body of his enemy, who fell bravely, without one sigh. No sooner was the deed accomplished, than the royalists, headed by William, reached the spot.

"Harm them not!" he exclaimed to the exasperated soldiers. "Take them alive—fit example shall be made!"

The men disarmed their prisoners, and, raising the body of their late commander, proceeded with solemn steps once more towards the castle of Dumbarton.

Notwithstanding the evidence of a wounded officer who had witnessed the fate of the earl, the young men, though innocent of any participation in his crime, were condemned to die with Martin. The guard were already drawn up in the castle-yard, waiting for their commander to give the signal from the window, when a woman, deeply veiled, rushed into the apartment.

"What would you?" exclaimed the new Earl of Clayton.

"Mercy!" replied the female, sinking upon her knees; "mercy for the two wretched youths who wait but your word to meet their Maker!"

"It cannot be," replied the earl. "Example is necessary; and I have suffered too severely from their malice to feel disposed to mercy."

"They must be saved, or your soul and mine will have to answer it. As you would not press a sleepless pillow, as you would wish to die in peace, postpone the execution of those youths!"

"Woman, it may not be. The men wait but my signal."

"Give it, proud man!" exclaimed the female; "but learn that the volley which consigns my humble nephew to the grave, carries with it the fate of——"

"I'll hear no more," cried the earl, impatiently rising, and waving his handkerchief. "My brother is avenged!"

"And mine!" exclaimed the woman, frantically, as the report echoed through the castle. "William, what have you done?"

"Ha! my name! Who art thou?"

She slowly raised her veil.

"Heavens! Grace Marston! Those youths?"

"One was my murdered Edward's boy; the other——"

"Speak!" exclaimed the stricken earl. "If 'tis as I suspect—one look—one word will kill me!"

"Was the lost heir of the race of Clayton!" replied Grace.

The bereaved father—bereaved by his own act—heard no more; but fell, broken-hearted, at the feet of the puritan sister.

◆

A Happy Couple.—I was married for my money. That was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory. I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common. He wishes to live in the country, which I hate. I like the thermometer at seventy-five degrees, which he hates. He likes the children brought up at home instead of at school, which I hate. I like music, and want to go to concerts, which he hates. He likes roast pork, which I hate; and I like minced veal, which he hates. There is but one thing we both like, and that is what we cannot both have, though we are always trying for it—the last word.

◆

Prudery in an Omnibus.—"All have their exits and their entrances."—It is a treat to see Prudery get into an omnibus. Of course she rejects the hand held out to her by male civility—it might give her a squeeze. Neither does she take the first vacant seat; but looks for a seat if possible between an innocent little girl and an old woman. In the meantime, the omnibus moves on, Prudery totters—makes a snatch at Civility's nose, or his neck, or anywhere—and, missing her hold, rebounds to the other side of the vehicle, and plumps down in a strange gentleman's lap. True modesty would have escaped all these indecorums.

◆

The Rule of Contraries.—As a canal-boat was passing under a bridge, the captain gave the usual warning, by calling aloud: "Look out!" when a little Frenchman, who was sitting by a window in the cabin, obeyed the order by popping out his head, which received a severe thump from a pillar. He drew it back in a great pet, exclaiming, "Dese Amerikins cry look out! when dey mean look in!"

◆

Our physical well-being, our moral worth, our social happiness, our political tranquility, all depend upon the control of our appetites and passions, which the ancients designated by the cardinal virtue of temperance.

THE AUSTRALIAN SQUATTER.

In Australia, the squatter, removed from society and the refinements of life, becomes careless of his appearance and manners; nay, he becomes heedless even of those comforts of life which are within his reach. With hundreds of cattle, he has no butter or cheese, and very often no milk! With a rich soil around him, he has no garden—not any vegetable or fruit to drive away the scurvy. With grain, he has no poultry; with a gun, he has no game; with hooks and grasshoppers, he has no fish. Make a hole with your toe, and throw a peach stone in, or drop one on the ground, in three years it bears fruit; stick a vine-cutting into the earth, and in fifteen or sixteen months, clusters of fine grapes are hanging from its boughs; and yet the squatter seldom does the one or the other.

He certainly has good reasons for not making his station too attractive; but it cannot be denied that his life is often much more cheerless and comfortless than it need be. Few of the stations are adorned by a female. Wherever this is the case, a great improvement is perceptible.

The squatter's dwelling is frequently a hut no better than those of his men; he smokes his short black clay pipe; breakfast tardily appears, consisting of tea, damper, and a huge pile of mutton-chops, if his is a sheep-station, or salt-beef, if a cattle-station. After breakfast, he lights his pipe again, and sallies forth on horseback. His dress consists of a broad-brimmed straw hat, a blue shirt, fustian, or some such trousers, supported by a belt around the waist, and ankle-boots; his heels are armed with spurs, while in his belt, or in holsters, he probably has pistols. In his hand he carries the universal stockwip, the handle two feet long, and the lash twelve or sixteen feet, and giving forth sounds that startle the silence of the forest. During the day, his pipe is re-lighted at every hut or fire-stick he passes, or if he sees none of these, he has recourse to his flint and steel.

Probably he is out till sun-set without eating anything, and when he returns he sups, as he breakfasted, on damper and mutton-chops, or salt-beef, not both, but one or the other, according to the stock he breeds. If at home to dinner, his fare is the same; and even if he calls on a neighbor ten or twelve miles off, he finds no variety. Ten to one he has no books, or no taste for reading; therefore, he smokes his pipe till bed-time, and then turns in.

◆

HAPPY HOMES.

Let it be our object to multiply the number of virtuous and happy homes. The domestic hearth is the seed-plot of a noble and flourishing commonwealth. All laws are vicious, all tendencies are to be deprecated which increase the difficulty of diffusing through every rank the refined and holy influences which are cherished by the domestic affections. Reckless speculations among capitalists, disturbing the steady and uniform course of employment, and its sure counterpart, improvidence and debauchery among workmen—are the deadliest foes of the household virtues. In how small a compass lie all the elements of man's truest happiness, if society were only conducted in a rational and moderate spirit, and its members of every class could be restrained from vicious indulgence and the pursuit of phantoms. A marriage contracted with thoughtfulness, and cemented by pure and faithful love when a fixed position is gained in the world, and a small fund has been accumulated—hard work and frugal habits at the commencement of domestic life, to meet in time the possible demands of a future family—a dwelling comfortably furnished, clean, bright, salubrious, and sweet—children well trained and early sent to school—a small collection of good books on the shelves—a few blossoming plants in the window—some well-selected engravings on the walls—a piano, it may be, a violin or a flute to accompany the family concert—home made happy in the evening by cheerful tasks and mutual improvement, exchanged at times for the conversation of friend and neighbor of kindred taste and congenial manners—these are conditions of existence within the reach of every one who will seek them—resources of the purest happiness lost to thousands, because a wrong direction is given to their tastes and energies, and they roam abroad in pursuit of interest and enjoyment, which they might create in rich abundance at home. This is no romantic, visionary picture—it is a sober, accessible possibility, such as even now, under the pressure of many adverse circumstances, is realized in the homes of not a few working-men who have learnt the art of extracting competence from narrow means, and maintaining genuine respectability in a humble station.

◆

GOLD.

Gold—bright, beautiful gold! What an interesting subject to man, because it fills his heart in the market-place—because it causes him to ponder, with brow on hand, at the fire-side, when he should hush the whisperings of his counting-room's presiding god, by paying better heed to the sweet voices of his household deities.

Gold! gold! How many hearts pine for it as bringing honor—how many hands close over it with a more earnest pressure than that which answers the greeting of a friend—how many eyes glisten over it that never glistened over tales of wo? How powerful it is! It brings the gracious nod from leaders of fashion and rank to the owner of bonds and mortgages, be he never so poor in soul, and makes dull the vision of such, when spiritual wealth goes by in a brother's form, whose material pockets, alas! know only a shilling. It gives some carriages, and leaves rough traveling-boots for labor-plodding feet. It graciously puts out its jeweled hand to help the millionaire up the rounds of social fame, while the poor shilling one lifts up his tattered foot with bitter disappointment for a similar ascent. It takes the life of rarest fish and fowl to gratify the pampered tastes of fastidious favorites, and makes dear Mother Earth find roots and such cheap things for her pauper sons.

Man will not realize the virtue that lies buried in glittering stones; he will not see the balm for stricken hearts which is hid therein, and so revels in selfish luxury and unblessed ease. He makes of it a bed of thorns, when it might give sweet rest to the weary-hearted, and be to himself a pillow of down when night and memory come. He chooses the bead that rises to the wine-cup's brim, rather than the grateful tear which overflows the eye of blessing poverty. He uses it to lead the young and thoughtless through the path which has a pleasant guide-post, but at the end a grave with no light around it, when he might lead them, by its well-used power, to a final resting-place, the way to which would shine with deeds whose brightness would go before them to God's throne.

◆

Too much fancy is not necessary in our conversation or writings; it begets vain and puerile ideas, which tend neither to make us wiser nor better. Our thoughts should be produced by good sense and right reason, and ought always to be the effect of our judgment.

GENTLE WORDS BEST.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Thy words of upbraiding
I cannot forget;
With anguish unfading
I think of them yet.

Oh! it was blindness,
Great blindness in thee,
With so much unkindness
To speak unto me.

Gentle words spoken
Can ever control
This spirit unbroken—
This passionate soul.

But harsh, hasty chiding
I *will not* endure—
It renders abiding
The faults it would cure.

Its memory never
Forsaketh the heart:
It rankles forever,
And bitter its smart.

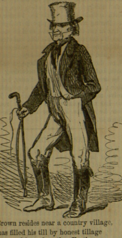
Entered according to Act of Congress, inthe year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BILL BROWN'S

VISIT TO GOTHAM.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et URBEM.



Bill Brown resides near a country village,
And has filled his till by honest tillage
Of good mother Earth;
Who kindly gives birth
To whatever, in fact, has market-worth,
Or real value, or general use,
From the largest ox to the fattest goose,—
Whatever is good to eat or wear,
To keep us warm or make us fair,—
All comes alike from good mother Earth.
In sooth, but trace the process out,
And you'll find, beyond a rational doubt,
That almost everything we see,
However high in its degree,
However fine, or rich or rare,
Is but a kind of *Earthen-ware!*

And so Bill wrought
As a farmer ought,
Who, doomed to toil by original sinning,
Began—like Adam—at the beginning.
He plowed, he harrowed and he sowed;
He drilled, he planted, and he hoed;
He dug and delved, and reaped and mowed.
(I wish I could—but I can't—tell now
Whether he used a sub-soil plow;
Or whether Bill had ever seen
A regular reaping and raking-machine.)

He took most pains
With the nobler grains
Of higher value and finer tissues
Which, possibly, one
Inclined to a pun,
Would call—like *Harper*—his "*cereal* issues!"
With wheat his lands were all a-blaze;
'Twas amazing to look at his fields of maize
And there were places
That showed *rye*-faces
As pleasant to see as so many Graces.
And as for Hops,
His annual crops
(So very extensive that, on my soul,
They fairly reached from pole to pole!)
Would beat the guess of any old fogie,
Or—the longest season at Saratoga!
Whatever seed did most abound,
In the grand result that Autumn found,
It was his plan,
Though a moderate man,
To be early running it into the ground;
That is to say,
In another way:—
Whether the seed was barley or hay,
Large or little, or green or gray,—
Provided only 'twas like to "pay,"—
He never chose to labor in vain
By stupidly going against the grain,
But hastened away without stay or stop,
And carefully put it into his crop.
And he raised tomatoes
And lots of potatoes,
More sorts, in sooth, than I could tell;
Turnips, that always turned out well;
Celery, all that he could sell;
Grapes by the bushel, sour and sweet;
Beets, that certainly couldn't be beat;
Cabbage—like some sartorial mound;
Vines, that fairly *cu*-cumbered the ground;
Some pumpkins—more than he could house, and
Ten thousand pears; (that's twenty thousand!)
Fruit of all kinds and propagations,
Baldwins, Pippins, and Carnations,
And apples of other appellations.
To sum it all up in the briefest space,
As you may suppose, Brown flourished apace,
Just because he proceeded, I venture to say,
In the *nulla-retrorsum-vestigi*-ous way;
That is—if you're not University-bred—
He took Crocket's advice about going ahead.
At all the State Fairs he held a fair station,
Raised horses and cows and his own reputation;
Made butter and money; took a Justice's niche;
Grew wheat, wool and hemp; corn, cattle, and—
rich!

But who would be always a country-clown?
And so Bill Brown
Sat himself down,
And, knitting his brow in a studious frown,
He said, says he:—
It's plain to see
And I think Mrs. B. will be apt to agree,
(If she don't, it's much the same to me,)
That I, Bill Brown,
Should go to town!
But then, says he, what town shall it be?
Boston-town is consid'rably nearer,
And York is farther, and so will be dearer,
But then, of course, the sight will be queerer;
Besides, I'm told, you're surely a lost 'un,
If you once get astray in the streets of Boston.
York is right-angled;
And Boston, right-tangled;
And both, I've no doubt, are uncommon new-
fangled.
Ah!—the "Smiths," I remember, belong to York,
('Twas ten years ago I sold them my pork,)
Good, honest traders—I'd like to know them—
And so—'tis settled—I'll go to Gotham!

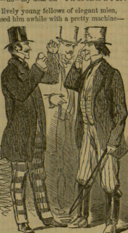
And so Bill Brown
Sat himself down,
With many a smile and never a frown,
And rode, by rail, to that notable town
Which I really think well worthy of mention
As being America's greatest invention!
Indeed, I'll be bound that if Nature and Art,
(Though the former, being older, has gotten the
start,)
In some new Crystal Palace of suitable size,
Should show their *chefs-d'œuvre*, and contend for the
prize,
The latter would prove, when it came to the scratch,
Whate'er you may think, no contemptible match;
For should Mrs. Nature endeavor to stagger her
By presenting, at last, her majestic Niagara;
Miss Art would produce an equivalent work
In her great, overwhelming, unfinished New York!

And now Mr. Brown
Was fairly in town,
In that part of the city they used to call "down,"
Not far from the spot of ancient renown
As being the scene
Of the Bowling Green,
A fountain that looked like a huge tureen
Piled up with rocks, and a squirt between;
But the "Bowling" now has gone where they tally
"The Fall of the Ten," in a neighboring alley;
And as to the "Green"—why that you will find
Whenever you see the "invisible" kind!—
And he stopped at an Inn that's known very well,
"Delmonico's" once—now "Stevens' Hotel";
(And, to borrow a pun which I think rather witty,
There's no better Inn in this Inn-famous city!)

And, Mr. Brown
Strolled up town,
And I'm going to write his travels down;
But if you suppose *Bill* Brown will disclose
The usual sins and follies of those
Who leave rural regions to see city-shows—
You couldn't well make
A greater mistake;
For Brown was a man of excellent sense;
Could see very well through a whole in a fence,
And was honest and plain, without sham or pre-
tence,
Of sharp, city-learning he couldn't have boasted,
But he wasn't the chap to be easily roasted;
Though, like many a "Bill," he wasn't well "post-
ed,"
And here let me say,
In a very dogmatic, oracular way,
(And I'll prove it, before I have done with my
lay)
Not only that honesty's likely to "pay,"
But that one must be, as a general rule,
At least half a knave to be wholly a fool!

Of pocket-book-dropping, Bill never had heard,
(Or at least if he had, he'd forgotten the word)
And now when, at length, the occasion occurred,
For that sort of chaff he wasn't the bird.
The gentleman argued with eloquent force,
And begged him to pocket the money, of course;
But Brown, without thinking at all what he said,
Popped out the first thing that entered his head,
(Which chanced to be wondrously fitting and true,)
"No—no—my dear Sir—I'll be *burnt* if I do!"

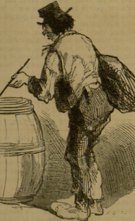
Two lively young fellows of elegant mien,
Amused him awhile with a pretty machine—



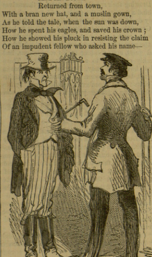
An ivory ball, which he never had seen.
But though the unsuspecting stranger
In the "patent safe" saw no patent danger,
He easily dodged the nefarious net,
Because "he wasn't accustomed to bet."

Ah!—here, I wot,
Is exactly the spot
To make a small fortune as easy as not!
That man with the watch—what lungs he has got!
It's "Going—the best of that elegant lot—
To close a concern, at a desperate rate,—
The jeweler ruined as certain as fate!—
A capital watch!—you may see by the weight—
Worth one hundred dollars as easy as eight—
Or half of that sum to melt down into plate—
(Brown doesn't know 'Peter' from Peter the Great)
But then I can't dwell,
I'm ordered to sell,
And mustn't stand weeping—just look at the shell—
I warrant the ticker to operate well—
Nine dollars!—it's hard to be letting the thing go
For *only* nine dollars!—it's cruel, by Jingo!
Ten dollars!—I'm offered—the man who secures
This splendid—ten dollars!—say twelve, and it's
yours!"
"Don't want it"—quoth Brown—"I don't wish to
buy;
Fifty dollars, I'm sure, one couldn't call high—
But to see the man *ruined!*—Dear Sir, I declare—
Between two or three bidders, it doesn't seem fair;
To knock it off now were surely a sin;
Just wait, my dear Sir, till the people come in!—
Allow me to say, you disgrace your position
As Sheriff—consid'ring the debtor's condition—
To sell *such* a watch without more competition!"
And here Mr. Brown
Gave a very black frown,
Stepped leisurely out, and walked further up town.

To see him stray along Broadway
In the afternoon of a summer's day,
And note what he chanced to see and say;
And what people he meets
In the narrower streets,
Were a pregnant theme for a longer lay.
How he marveled at those geological chaps
Who go poking about in crannies and gaps,



Those curious people in tattered breeches,
The rag-wearing, rag-picking sons of—ditches,
Who find in the very nastiest niches
A "decent living," and sometimes riches;
How he thought city prices exceedingly queer,
The 'busses too cheap, and the hacks too dear;
How he stuck in the mud, and got lost in the ques-
tion—
A problem too hard for his mental digestion—
Why—in cleaning the city, the city employs
Such a very small *corps* of such very small boys;
How he judges by dress, and, accordingly makes
By mixing up classes, the drollest mistakes.
As if simple vanity ever were vicious,
Or women of merit could be meretricious,
He imagines the dashing Fifth-Avenue dames
The same as the girls with unspeakable names!—
An exceedingly natural blunder in sooth,
But, I'm happy to say, very far from the truth;
For e'en at the worst, whate'er you suppose,
The one sort of ladies can *choose* their beaux,
While as to the other—but every one knows
What—if 'twere a secret—I wouldn't disclose.
And Mr. Brown
Returned from town,
With a bran new hat, and a muslin gown,
As he told the tale, when the sun was down,
How he spent his eagles, and saved his crown;
How he showed his pluck in resisting the claim
Of an impudent fellow who asked his name—



But paid—as a gentleman ever is willing—
At the old Park-Gate the regular shilling!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Robert S.—We have already cautioned our readers respecting the use of the cold bath in feeble health. We have known physicians imprudently recommend it, not only daily, but two or three times a day, which is almost death to a weakly person. For nervous irritability, or excitement, the warm bath is better than the cold. Napoleon used to say that the warm bath was one of the necessaries of life. He often remained in it for two hours, during which time his secretary read the papers or new pamphlets to him, and he raised the temperature so high at times as to fill the apartment with steam, so that the secretary could not even see to read. He found it tranquilizing to the system. The cold bath requires long and vigorous exercise after it. Both may be used with advantage. But do not persist in either if it should not prove invigorating. Consult your own experience, and do not believe in philosophy, which is in general only a sort of eloquent reverie, nor trust too much to medical science, which is not much farther advanced (if any) than political economy.

Somerdyke.—Shakespeare is unquestionably the greatest poet that the world has yet produced. As for Homer, the people of this age cannot enjoy his writings as did his contemporaries and those who lived before the advent of Christianity. An essential element in the enjoyment of any composition is *belief.* The story and incidents must be *credible.* The people of this age of course do not believe in the Grecian gods and goddesses, and Homer's accounts of their loves, jealousies, combats, and so forth, instead of being sublime to an intelligent Christian are exceedingly ridiculous.

Henrietta is plagued with a lover who takes it into his head to absent himself from her society for a couple of months, and then returns more affectionate than ever, but to go away again and repeat the same experiment. Unless called away by business the man is a fool—one of that silly race of sentimentalists who wish to provoke passion by a display of cruelty. Bring him to his senses by playing off a rival against him. If you lose him the loss will be very trifling.

A Subscriber from the Beginning tells the old story. He is engaged to a girl who is kept in submissive subjection by a brace of tyrannical aunts, who are opposed to the match. The girl, being a passive creature makes no resistance; and the lover, as a matter of course, is driven to the verge of distraction. The only advice we can offer him is to wait, and trust to time and its ever-varying circumstances. Haste in love is like rashness in battle—it loses more than it wins.

A Widow.—Applicants for legal advice should state their cases clearly and precisely. In this case such has not been done, and, therefore, without undertaking the responsibility of being correct, we say that the widow is entitled to take out letters of administration, and the property, after her decease, is divisible among all the children of the testator. But everything will depend upon the language of the will.

Franklin.—Double your income, and add four years, at least, to your age, before you seriously entertain any matrimonial views. The intermediate time may be pleasantly occupied in honest labor, and looking out for a desirable partner. Marriage, without courtship, is a blind-man's-buff sort of game. Courtship is the holiday time of youth—a probation necessary and healthful to the future man and wife.

R.—If you cannot marry in less than five years, you are very foolish to fall in love *now.* It would be asking too much of a woman to wait that length of time for you.

Job.—Your case is a trying one, if you have not overstated it, but you should try to bear your ills patiently. It is hardly possible that a woman would act as you say your wife does, unless she had *some* reason for doing so. Search your own heart and conduct honestly and faithfully, and see if you cannot therein discover something that should be rectified. Are you always kind to your wife? Have you not given her cause for jealousy by indulging in vain and boastful conversation about other women? This is a fault which many husbands foolishly commit, without meaning any harm; and when a wife's jealousy is once aroused by such arrant folly, it is sometimes difficult to allay it. We think that—except in extreme and unusual cases—a good husband can make a good wife of any woman; and our advice to you is, try your best to restore harmony and love to your family.

Lucy H.—Yes—the rule that manuscript for the printer should be written on only one side, extends to that intended for newspaper publication as well as to the manuscript for books. The reason of this is, that, in the hurry of setting up the type, a leaf of manuscript has sometimes to be divided among several compositors, and if it be written on both sides it cannot be thus divided without much trouble and annoyance. It is much more important to observe this rule in writing for newspapers than for book-publishers, because the latter are never so hurried as the former—or, rather, they do not divide the manuscript up into such small "takes" or pieces, as it is customary and sometimes absolutely necessary to do in newspaper offices.

Jane C.—You are perfectly correct. Wearing earrings is now customary among ladies in the higher ranks of society, and your lover deserves a good scolding for interfering with what does not concern him. We may add, however, for your especial edification, that the practice had a very degrading origin. Rings in the ear in ancient times were only worn by slaves—they were the visible signs of their dependent position. You will utterly ruin your teeth if you persist in cleansing them with salt. Use finely-powdered charcoal, or the gray ash of your too meddlesome lover's "bona fide" cigars.

P. S. B.—Let your son learn a trade. Remember that it is not an *accomplishment* he needs, but a good honest trade—some mechanical art, in which the hands work more than the fancy. He had much better be a carpenter than a poet; besides, if nature has intended him for a true poet he will be one, no matter what trade he learns. The young people of this country are too much given to scribbling trashy and hobbling rhymes which they audaciously call "poetry." Every parent should early strive to check the tendency to this disease in his children, before they become fatally infected.

Mary B.—The oil of aniseed will be sure to draw rats and mice from their holes. Ground plaster of Paris, well mixed with meal, will be greedily eaten by them, and, being indigestible, will speedily kill them. The best way is to bait a trap, and catch these troublesome vermin, for when they die in their retreats they frequently make a house uninhabitable. The trap may be baited with balls of flour of malt, mixed with butter, with one or two drops of oil of aniseed in the whole.

A Teacher.—We are no advocate for the use of the birch in schools at all. If a boy cannot be persuaded into being well behaved, coercion will only render him more hardened. Teachers and monitors are apt to sap the foundation of the respect due to the position from the boys under them by too great a familiarity. Boys, like servants, should be kept at a distance. In fact the secret of success in school management lies in a due appreciation of the trite adage, "familiarity breeds contempt."

Dionysius.—You should be cautious about marrying a woman who is known to be habitually extravagant. Those reports, too, in regard to her running in debt should not be unheeded; because, if you marry the dashing widow, you will be responsible for all the debts she has contracted. But as marriage with a man of your age, is a mere business operation, we suppose such matters will be taken into the account by you with the utmost coolness and calculation, and will not be permitted to affect your "sentimental attachment."

A Young Widow.—You have our warmest sympathy, though we are unable to aid you in your present distressing condition. According to your account, your husband's parents and relatives cannot be depended upon to aid you. You can compel them, however, to give up your deceased husband's watch and other jewelry, and his clothes also, as they belong to you and your babe. Do not strive to conciliate such people, but cut their acquaintance. They are so mean they will probably have to die by subscription.

Adele Montressor.—We are astonished that a girl who has an ordinary degree of self-respect should enter into and maintain a clandestine correspondence with a "circus rider." You ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself. Throw his "picture" in the fire, and never exchange another word or line with him. Hereafter, do nothing which you dare not freely communicate about with your parents. A girl who will deceive her father and mother only needs an opportunity to do much worse.

C. R. S.—It almost invariably happens, when a young woman gives too much liberty to a lover, under promise of marriage, that she is afterwards deserted. Nature seems to have established this law, and to punish the woman in an especial manner for its non-observance. The punishment of man, which, we believe, is seldom dispensed with, is invisible. The case is too difficult for us to decide upon. It would require ample means to evade suspicion, and set all to rights.

An Admirer.—The tongue is a more persuasive love-maker than the pen. Declare your passion with a modest candor, but take care to choose a pliant hour. Women are not always in the cue for receiving declarations of attachment. After tea-time they are more unreserved than at any other period of the day, and therefore more susceptible to receive and recognize fond impressions.

A Father.—The man is evidently a scoundrel and a coward, and if you consider your daughter's interest and future happiness would be benefitted by a marriage with him, your course of proceeding must be a peremptory one. Play upon his fears, and, should he persist in his refusal, sue him for loss of services. The payments have utterly destroyed his atrocious defence, and he is at your mercy.

Etta.—A man who should accost a lady, to whom he was a total stranger, in the cars, and request her company on reaching a strange place, would not be a *gentleman,* but a miserable scamp. Under such circumstances, a lady should peremptorily decline having any communication with him, and should he persist in his impertinence, she should appeal for protection to the other passengers.

A Perplexed Friend.—The boy and girl whom you refer to as "a gentleman and lady"—in accordance with a very silly custom which prevails among all the snobs and upstarts of the country—this boy and girl, we say, had better wait five or six years before marrying. If they are foolish enough, however, to rush into matrimony, let them do so, and take the consequences.

A Louisville Lady.—The man who invited you to go to the theater, knowing you to be a married woman, did an impertinent thing, and you acted very improperly in accepting the invitation. Your husband is quite right in his view of the matter. No well-bred gentleman would ever ask a married woman to go to the theater with him under the circumstances you mention.

To All who have sent us Contributions.—Notwithstanding our repeated declarations that we want no more contributors, every mail brings us unsolicited "contributions" from all manner of people. None of these effusions, except such as we may have already commented on, will receive the slightest attention, no matter how thoroughly they may be sugared with compliments.

B. E. G.—The Egyptians were the first astronomers, but their ideas were very crude, and they never elevated astronomy to the dignity of a science. We don't know what the use of eclipses are—unless it be to give the sun time for reflection.

Argyle.—You must exercise your own taste in the selection of wedding cards. The "styles" are the same now as they always have been. We do not furnish names of engravers, nor do any other kind of advertising in this or any other department of the Ledger.

P. B. C.—A boy of eighteen should not think of marrying. He can know nothing about true manly love, and is no more fit to take charge of a family, than a gosling to command an expedition against the Sepoys of India.

Fanny.—No. It is not customary for girls to offer refreshments to those who call upon them in the morning, even if the caller should be an accepted lover. In fact, the morning is not the time to make calls.

Juliette.—It will do you no harm to study botany, if you pursue the subject far enough to acquire a substantial knowledge of it. Any *dabbling* in botany, or anything else, will, however, be an utter waste of your time.

Ajax.—The property of your deceased intestate father is divisible among all his children, in equal shares. The remedy against your brother is to compel him to administer; and that you had better do before the property is dissipated.

F. E.—A father has the right to open and read letters addressed to his minor children. In the exercise of such a right, however, a wise father would display much discretion and delicacy.

Oleo.—We do not give information concerning the authorship of articles that appear in the Ledger without the names of the writers appended.

Cloverseburg.—Judging from the ignorance, self-conceit and vulgarity displayed in your letter, we should say that any decent man would be too good for your husband.

Constance.—Such a severe case of dyspepsia requires the services of a first-class physician. We must decline giving you any advice in such critical circumstances.

Anna C.—We do not wish to engage any new contributors, and therefore, with many thanks for your expressions of friendliness, we must respectfully decline your offer.

Public School Boy.—Education is an infinite subject, and that is the reason why no definite answer can be given to questions respecting best modes of conducting it. But language is the fountain of it; and therefore we begin to learn language or languages for a foundation, leaving it to circumstances afterwards to give the particular form, style or hight to the superstructure. A learned education, or education for a literary man, requires some knowledge of ancient and modern languages. The modern languages are especially useful for acquiring correct ideas of the civilization of the age and the character and mission of the different nations that surround us. But a vague and general idea of the character of such languages is sufficient for a literary man. Latin, as the mother of the five great European languages—Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French and English—as being the imperial language, from which Church and State have borrowed their canonical and legal phraseology—is, for such reasons alone, independent of many others, a language which literary men ought to know something of; and as all our scientific phraseology comes direct from the Greek, a little acquaintance with Greek is also necessary. When this knowledge is acquired in youth, a good foundation is laid, and this is all that schools and universities do, or, indeed, ought to do. After this elementary instruction comes the practical school, or university of life, in which the superstructure of a man's destiny is reared. Therefore we say again what we have often said—get the elements of education in the usual way, and trust to Providence for the direction. It is not by using any particular pencil that a good artist sketches well. There are better and worse pencils, no doubt; but a good artist makes a good sketch with a bad pencil, and a bad artist a bad sketch with a good pencil. There are no books that lead to greatness. A great man cuts a tunnel for himself to the temple of Fame.

A Boston Girl.—Which is right? "that would turn my brain," or "that would turn my brains." As for rightness, we know not if either be very right. We never heard of the brain turning; and if phrenology be a science, brains is as legitimate an expression as brain. Moreover, we always say, "blow his brains out," not "blow his brain out." It seems from this as if the idea of death or separation were implied in the plural, whilst life is involved in the idea of the latter; but it is not so. We say, "that puzzles my brains," we also say, "he has got very little brains," from which it appears that "brains" sometimes means judgment or understanding, whereas "brain" usually means the material substance of the brain. If so, then "turning the brains" is more correct than "turning the brain," for the judgment may be turned, and yet live, but the material substance of the brain never. We think the gentleman who corrected the lady for using the plural was more rude than wise. We should have defended the lady upon classical grounds, (not ground). Perhaps the critic was a medical man, or an anatomist.

Prudence.—"Is there such a thing in the world as disinterested love?"—No; why should there be? It would be a very cold species of love, if love it could be called, that felt no interest in the person beloved. All love is interested, and the best is the most interested. But there are different kinds of interest—higher and lower. We suppose that disinterested love, as vulgarly understood, means love for the person alone, independent of family, wealth, connexions, etc. Does it also mean love for the person, independent of education, manners, speech, etc.? Surely not. What is the person? To love the person alone is a low species of love. To love the mind and character is higher. To love the relationship of love is quite legitimate; and yet, this is going away from the person, her family, etc., and consequently into interested motives. Prudence would rather never marry than marry from interested motives. There are no other motives to marry from. People marry for happiness Is that not an interested motive?

Mississippi.—Wherever there is danger the gentleman ought to precede the lady. There is no rule to be followed but that of discretion. In going over a stile gentlemen generally precede, and hand the lady over. In crossing a ditch they do the same. In entering a house or apartment, where all is safe, they follow. Feelings of delicacy and refinement are the best guides on all such occasions; and, therefore, no man can ever be thoroughly accomplished in the polite arts without such feelings. Rules will never make a gentleman, though they help to facilitate the cultivation of his manners. Many professed gentlemen commit sad blunders in manners; whilst clowns sometimes, when prompted by pure feelings, act the part of gentlemen. We must not always imitate the manners of lords and princes. They have learned some rules of etiquette; but they may want the spirit of gentlemen, as they very often do.

Caroline Cecil wants to know how it is that she always feels particularly nervous at the sight of a certain gentleman whom she does not love, and would go a mile out of her way to avoid. What sort of nervousness does she feel? Perhaps she hates him, hatred, as well as love, producing nervousness. Perhaps he is a bore. Caroline seems to think it strange that aversion should produce a nervous affection, but every feeling, when strong, powerfully affects the nerves, for nerves are the feelers. What the feeling is, Caroline alone can tell.

An Old Friend.—It is not merely in your town that the circulation of the Ledger continues to increase;—it is so all over the country. What is *four cents* a week for a favorite paper, even in hard times!—only the price of a single cigar, of which some people smoke half a dozen in a day. Besides, people must have something to read, and who is so poor as to feel the expenditure of *four cents a week?*

Miltiades.—The firemen of this city do not receive any direct pay for their services. Their only compensation is such as may be voluntarily given them in the way of subscriptions to their balls, prizes to be shot for on target excursions, and exemption from military and various other duties that are considered burdensome by citizens generally.

Apprentice.—Your master can exact from you whatever is customary in his trade. Your best course is, to do whatever is commanded with all the diligence and skill you can exhibit. You will thereby not only gain the good will of your master but lay the foundations of a character and of habits that will be invaluable to you in after life.

A Subscriber is engaged to a young man who is said "to have been engaged to and disappointed several other girls," and she wants to know if she had better marry him. No—not if the reports be true. A man who would be guilty of such scurvy tricks is utterly unworthy of the love and confidence of any woman. Let him go.

An Anxious Lover.—You should speak to the young lady, frankly state your love for her, and ask her if she does or will reciprocate your affection. This will enable you to learn your fate at once. If she gives you encouragement, then set yourself judiciously at work to win the approbation and consent of her parents.

Gertrude wishes to know "which tends most to the development of one's talents, society or solitude?" Society would best develop a person's conversational and other social talents, while solitude would be most favorabble to the development of the reflective faculties.

J. Daw.—Your signature had better been Jackdaw. We think we can manage our business very well if you do desert us, and in future withhold your luminous advice. Our circulation is on the increase, notwithstanding the hard times.

W. H.—Love is a compound of sweets and bitters. Never mind the trifling display of temper, but bear in mind that the brightest steel may be tarnished by simply breathing upon it; but the moment the dimness has passed away, it leaves the polished surface brighter than before.

Old Subscriber.—Your friend who says he has seen "a perpetual motion" has probably lived *perpetually.* Otherwise, we do not see how he could decide that a motion was perpetual. Seriously, "the perpetual motion" which some people talk about, is an absolute impossibility.

Phonos.—We know nothing about the advertiser you mention. Reporting is about the hardest work we know of; and as to a reporter's making on an average from $5 to $30 a day, *that* is sheer nonsense. A superior reporter can make fair wages from year to year, and nothing more.

P. J. G.—We can furnish you the back numbers you mention. They will cost you four cents apiece. You may send us postage stamps for them. When you write be sure to mention distinctly each and every number that you want so there may be no mistake.

P. V. F.—Don't be in haste to marry. Wait patiently and do your best to conciliate the wrathful papa. By exhibiting a spirit of unusual industry and economy, the old gentleman may be won over to your interests.

Student.—Talk in a reasonable, respectful and earnest manner with your father about sending you to college, and he will probably do so. State to him your reasons for wishing to go, and get your mother to help plead your cause.

F. B.—A single man's wages can be attached for his board bill, if the proper steps be taken. He would first have to be sued, and a judgment obtained against him, and then an execution issued.

Dorothyian.—You must take the consequences of your evil conduct, and wait patiently for the wrath of the girl's parents to subside. You have no right to complain if they do exhibit considerable vindictiveness.

Music.—Attend some singing-school, no matter where, and use whatever book the teacher recommends.

L. W. O.—We do not insert marriage notices in the Ledger. If we did, we would gladly comply with your request.

H.—The stuff you send us as "poetry" is too stupid for description.

J. N. W.—You must be your own judge as to what course you had better pursue in your love affairs.

J. B., Orange.—Your verses are respectfully declined.

P. L. G.—Get a lawyer to draw your will.

J. P. C.—We have no room for new contributors.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*